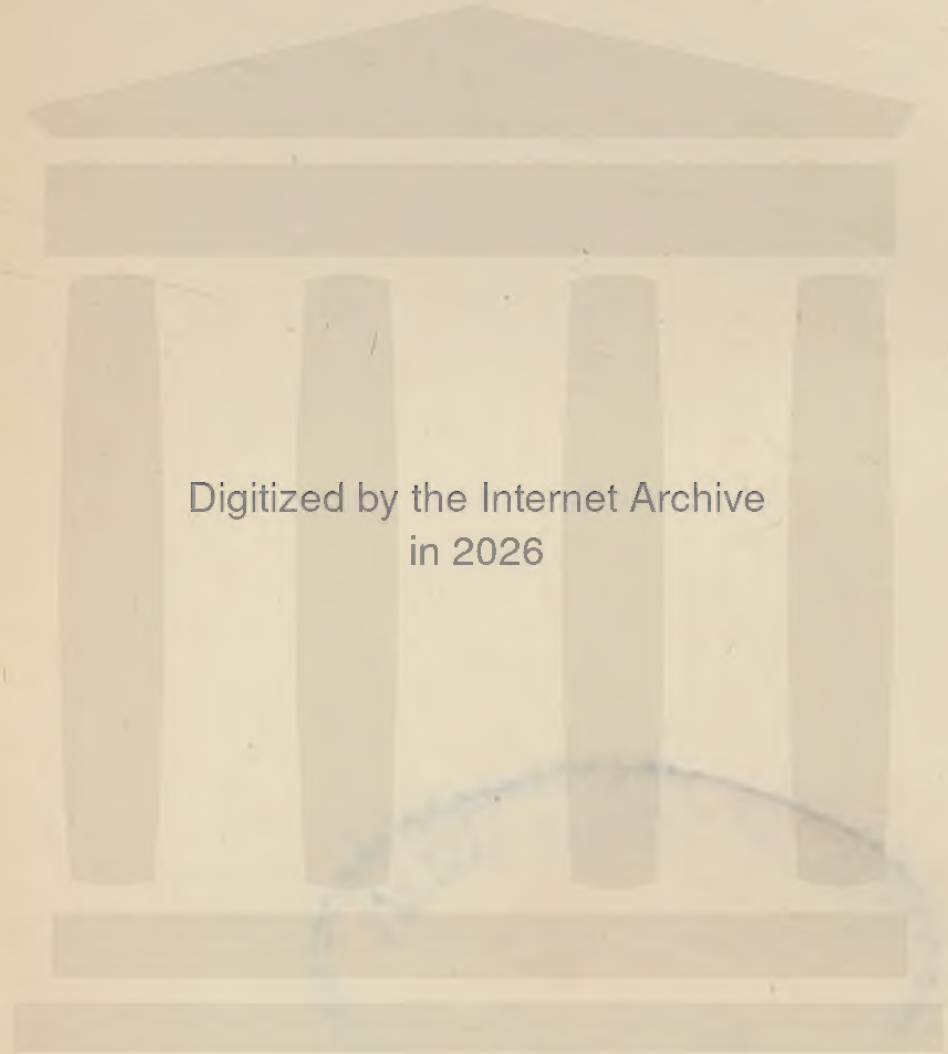
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

WITH A MEMOIR.

VOL. II.

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*** The Italic letters indicate the publication in which the several compositions respectively appeared: see note prefixed to the Contents of Volume I. Pieces which have not appeared in any previous edition of the poet's works are marked *n*. The letter *o* refers to the authorized edition of the Letters to Clarinda, Edinburgh, 1843.

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ROBERT BURNS.

1759–1796.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

TUNE — *My Love is lost to me.*

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill,
Or had of Helicon my fill!
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonny sel';
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een —
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts of thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name —

I only live to love thee.
Though I were doomed to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then — and then I love thee.

VERSES IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou decked in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Day, how rapid in its flight;
Day, how few must see the night.
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame a restless, idle dream;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts — save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.

Follies past, give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care:
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust — and thy example too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman on Nithside.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

TUNE — *Killiecrankie.*

OH wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man?
Oh wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man?
Or will ye send a man-o'-law?
Or will ye send a sodger?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter;
Anbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay greenwoods amang, man,
Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man,
A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone the patent-bliss
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
Ower hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:
She summoned every social sprite,
That sports by wood and water,
On th' bonny banks o' Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man:
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals through the trees
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats,
What sparkling jewels glance, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,

When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man!
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man:
He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE — *Seventh of November.*

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line,
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more — it made thee mine

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart!

FIRST EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece designed,
And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth,
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth;
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth;
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow;
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;
Last, she sublimes the Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.
The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to shew it),
She forms the thing, and christens it — a Poet;
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow;
A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised — and there the homage ends:
A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk;
She laughed at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attached him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives — though humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend:
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule

(Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) —
Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should* —
We own they 're prudent, but who feels they 're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etched on base alloy!
But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished — to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace,
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times!
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half-afraid,
Backward, abashed, to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine —
Heavens! should the branded character be mine! —
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heaven's gate the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once more;

On eighteenpence a week I've lived before.
Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last
shift!
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer
flight.

MRS. FERGUSSON OF CRAIGDARROCH'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON,

AN UNCOMMONLY PROMISING YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN OR NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonoured laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death! oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast;
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

THE LAZY MIST.

TUNE — *The Lazy Mist.*

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear!
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!
How long I have lived — but how much lived in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects Old Time, in his progress, has worn!
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
And downward, how weakened, how darkened, how pained!
This life 's not worth having with all it can give:
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
I 'll partake wi' naebody;
I 'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I 'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There — thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we 've wandered monie a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine;
And we 'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely you 'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I 'll be mine;
And we 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

MY BONNY MARY.

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;

The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody.
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar —
It 's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

LINES WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE.

Extended Copy.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; [1]
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning-star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

[1] In the shorter copy, an additional couplet is here inserted —

Day, how rapid in its flight!
Day, how few must see the night!

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's mèridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease :
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not — art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ? [1]
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?

[1] Variation —

Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of their fate,
The important query of their state,
Is not — art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Wast thou cottager or king,
Peer or peasant ? — no such thing!
Did many talents, etc.

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven
To virtue or to vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman of Nithside!

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

FOR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die — for that they 're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
Oh Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie 's dead ;
The tulzie 's sair 'tween Pit and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks :
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
The tither 's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
And cry till ye be hearse and roopit,
For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
And gied ye a' baith gear and meal ;
E'en monie a plack, and monie a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck ! . . .
Observe the very nowt and sheep,
How dowf and dowie now they creep :
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

Oh Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
And no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuffed, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent,
But, like himsel', a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man !
As muckle better as you can.

A SKETCH.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;*
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense — by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scotch ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

EXTEMPORE TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;

But of *meet* or *unmeet*, in a *fabric complete*,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestowed on your servant the poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it!

ODE:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam's face —
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 't is rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See these hands, ne'er stretched to save,
Hands that took — but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends);
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
'T is thy trusty quondam mate,
Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other words, can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heav'n.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
(Through frosty hills the journey lay,)
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod —
I 'll pay you like my master.

SKETCH:

INSCRIBED TO CHARLES JAMES FOX.

HOW Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite;
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white;
How Genius, the illustrious father of Fiction,
Confounds Rule and Law, reconciles Contradiction —
I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I; let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,

No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite
right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.[1]

[Good L—d, what is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his
evil,
All in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up
its neighbours:
Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you
know him?
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will
shew him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have missed
him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this or t' other! there 's more in
the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll
find.

[1] The verses following within brackets were added afterwards.

But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.[1]

But truce with abstraction, and truce with the Muse,
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse :
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?
My much-honoured Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you shew it.
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He 'll have them by fair trade, if not he will smuggle ;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He 'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would steal 'em !
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em :
It is not, out-do him — the task is, out-thieve him !]

[1] The verses following this line were first printed from a manuscript of Burns, in Pickering's edition.

ON A WOUNDED HARE.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes or verdant plains
To thee a home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled innocent, some wonted form;
That wonted form, alas! thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its wo;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I 'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruthless wretch, and mourn thy hapless fate.

DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty shews.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-browned Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove;
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For, oh! my soul is parched with love!

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither-sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do you, this blae eastlin wind,
That's like to blaw a body blind?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
And ilka member nearly dozen'd.
I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on:
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
And Reid, to common-sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,

And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till, wi' their logic jargon tir'd,
And in the depth of science mir'd,
To common-sense they now appeal,
What wives and wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, and return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray and ponder butt the house;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston:
Till by and by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel groan.
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace and wale o' honest men.
When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
And views beyond the grave comfort him;
His worthy fam'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my Mason billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he 's a parent, lass, or boy,

May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
And no forgetting Wabster Charlie,
I'm told he offers very fairly.
And, Lord, remember Singing Sannock
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock;
And next my auld acquaintance Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
And her kind stars hae airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To Cousin Kate and Sister Janet;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious.
And lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak a spell,
And steer you seven miles south o' hell.
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story;
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you;
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man:
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

MY curse upon thy venomed stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee — thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools —
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,

And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft Mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick!—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache!

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There 's a heretic blast
Has been blawn in the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac,
You should stretch on a rack,
To strike evildoers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense,
Upon any pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was mad, I declare,

To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Though your heart 's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw;
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three 's ane and twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry, the book is wi' heresy crammed;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like adle,
And roar every note of the damned.

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There 's a holier chase in your view;
I 'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye 'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there 's but few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney,
Are ye huirding the penny,
Unconscious what evils await;
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld,
There 's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Though ye downa do skaith,
Ye 'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
For a saint if ye muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let 's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the Doctor 's your mark,
For the L—d's haly ark,
He has cooper'd and cawt a wrong pin in 't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——.

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book not the waur, let me tell ye;
Ye are rich, and look big,

But lay by hat and wig,
And ye 'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
What mean ye — what mean ye ?
If ye 'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence
To havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine-side, Irvine-side,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share ;
Ye 've the figure, 't is true,
Even your faes will allow,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
Whom the L—d made a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit,
There 's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will,
There was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor ;
The timmer is scant,
When ye 're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for a hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spir'tual guns,

Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Though your Muse is a gipsy,
Yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.[1]

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

O WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree:
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou', we 're nae that fou',
But just a drappie in our e'e;

1 In the present version of this poem, advantage is taken of a few various readings from a copy published by Allan Cunningham, in which there is a curious repetition of the last line of each verse, along with the name of the party addressed. A specimen of this arrangement is given in the following additional stanza, from Allan's copy: —

Afton's laird, Afton's laird,
When your pen can be spared,
A copy of this I bequeath
On the same sicker score,
As I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith,
Afton's laird;
To that trusty auld worthy, Clackleith.

The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we 'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And monie a night we 've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he !
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !

THE WHISTLE.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall :
" This whistle 's your challenge — to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir ! or ne'er see me more ! "

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill;

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Skarr,
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea —
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw:
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe — or his friend;

Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he 'd die, or he 'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a core,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he 'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 't was the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;

A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
Though fate said — a hero shall perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus — and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:
"Craigdarroch, thou 'lt soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come — one bottle more — and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace, —
  Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray —
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

WOW, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?

I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you aye as weel 's I want ye,
And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
He 'd tak my letter;
I lippened to the chield in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d 'ye think, my trusty fier?
I 'm turned a gauger — Peace be here!
Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
Ye 'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang Necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yourscls my heart right proud is —
I need na vaunt,
But I 'll sned besoms — thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord, help me through this warld o' care!
I 'm weary sick o' 't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than monie ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
(I 'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to Sister Beckie,
And eke the same to honest Lucky;
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!

And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for aye.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel 's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That 's he, mark weel —
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, Lord save 's! colleaguin'
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,

And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches!
Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It 's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he 's quat the spurtle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the — Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguishèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philabeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
(For meikle glee and fun has he,)
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose! —
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GROSE, THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.

THE Devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approached where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
And saw each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cried Satan: "By ——,
I 'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."

WRITTEN IN AN ENVELOPE, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,

If he 's amang his friends or foes ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane ?
Igo and ago ;
Or hauding Sarah by the wame ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north ?
Igo and ago ;
Or drownèd in the river Forth ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies ?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis ?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
Igo and ago ;
As for the deil, he daurna steer him,
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosèd letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE — *Up and waur them a'.*

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
But he 'll sair them as he sair'd the king —
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstons hae the guidin' o' 't,
Ye turn-coat Whigs, awa'!

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There 's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here 's Whistlebirck,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we 'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE FIVE CARLINES.

THERE were five carlines in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh,
And Marjory o' the Monie Lochs,
A carline auld and teugh.

And Blinking Bess o' Annandale,
That dwelt near Solwayside,
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin —
Five wighter carlines warna foun'
The south countra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day,
And monie a knight and monie a laird
Their errand fain would gae.

O monie a knight and monie a laird
This errand fain would gae ;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,
Bred o' a Border clan,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan'.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Would bid to him guid-day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert a friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell ;
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'ed Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,

And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And a deadly aith she 's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the Border knight,
And I 'll try him yet again.

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim,
" The auld guidman, and the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim.

" For fools will freit o' right or wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn."

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
" Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court
His back 's been at the wa';

"And monie a friend that kissed his cup
Is now a fremit wight:
But it 's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean —
I 'll send the Border knight."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow,
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true;

"There 's some great folks set light by me —
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wham I like best at hame.

"Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the king and ilka man
May look weel to himsel'."

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I 'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'T was not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white —
It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled;
  She charmed my soul — I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
  Cam fra her een sae bonny blue.
But, spare to speak, and spare to speed;
  She 'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I 'll lay my dead
  To her twa een sae bonny blue.

SONG.

AIR — *Maggy Lauder.*

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
  I couldna tell what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
  My een they almost failed me.
She 's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
  All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
  And I became a lover.
    She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
      She 's aye so blithe and cheerie;
    She 's aye sae bonny, blithe, and gay,
      O gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
  Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
  Or humbler bays entwining;
I 'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
  Could I but hope to move her,

And prouder than a belted knight,
I 'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her,
But gang she east, or gang she west,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She 'll always find a lover.
She 's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

SKETCH. — NEW-YEAR'S DAY [1790].

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major 's with the hounds;
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila 's fair Rachel's care to-day,

And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow —
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow —
And join with me a moralising,
This day 's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver ?
" Another year is gone for ever."

And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
" The passing moment 's all we rest on !"
Rest on — for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amused with proverbed lore,
And to our date one minute more ?
A few days may — a few years must —
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
Yes — all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight :
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.
Since, then, my honoured, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.
Though you, with days and honours crowned
Witness that filial circle round

(A sight Life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY EVENING [1790].

NO song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queens it o'er our taste — the more 's the pity:
Though, by the by, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good New Year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient coughed, and bade me say:
"You 're one year older this important day."
If wiser, too — he hinted some suggestion,
But 't would be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word — "think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,

In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way.
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That though some by the skirt may try to snatch
him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.
Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you 'll mind the important Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.
For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

PROLOGUE FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us songs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he needna toil;
A fool and knave are plants of every soil.
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece:
There 's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would shew the tragic Muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?

How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad rebellion's arms
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman — though the phrase may seem uncivil —
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!
As *ye* hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I 'll be caution
Ye 'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back!
For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Wha 's aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"

My best leg foremost, I 'll set up my brow, —
We have the honour to belong to you !
We 're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like guid mithers, shore before you strike.
And gratefu' still I hope ye 'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We 've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks :
God help us ! we 're but poor — ye 'se get but thanks.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF JOHNSON'S MUSEUM

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE — *Johnny M'Gill.*

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me, for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

TUNE — *The Gardeners' March.*

WHEN rosy Morn comes in wi' showers,
To deck her gay green birken bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple Morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
The gardener wi' his paidle.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he 's banished far away;
I 'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.

BONNY ANN.

AIR — *Ye Gallants Bright.*

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonny Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms and conquering arms
They wait on bonny Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonny Ann!

JOHN ANDERSON.

TUNE — *John Anderson my Jo.*

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent:
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

TUNE — *Cameronian Rant.*

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"

"I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin' red ran monie a sheugh;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rushed and pushed, and bluid outgushed,
And monie a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles:
They hacked and hashed, while broadswords clashed,
And through they dashed, and hewed, and smashed,
Till fey men died awa', man.

"But had you seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man."

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the North, man;
I saw myself, they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight ;
But, curséd lot ! the gates were shut ;
And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man ! "

" My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good-will
That day their neibors' blood to spill ;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose — all crying woes ;
And so it goes, you see, man.

" They 've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right ;
But monie bade the world guid-night ;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man."

BLOOMING NELLY.

TUNE—*On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer-day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie, wandering through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes like weapons sheathed,
Were sealed in soft repose;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breathed,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton, kissed her rival breast;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace:
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspirèd wings,

So Nelly starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:
But Willie followed, as he should;
He overtook her in the wood;
He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*Faille na Miosg.*

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—*Robie donna Gorach.*

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command
When shall I see that honoured land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
Forever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom !
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days !

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE!

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie !
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I 'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might make a fen' ;

What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There 's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,
Guid-day to you, brute! he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it 's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written — Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry —
I 'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly — Tam Glen.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON,

A DEAD MARE.

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppressed and bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are. — etc., etc.

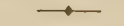
WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT THE POET A NEWSPAPER,

AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 't was really new!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted?

This monie a day I 've graned and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, anybody spak o' 't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o' 't:
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin':
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss.
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, kept up the game;
How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin';
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
Or if bare —— yet were taxed;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.
A' this and mair I never heard of,
And but for you I might despaired of.

So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!



SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle 's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I 'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I 'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlings;
And, bent on winning borough towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
To every Whig defiance.

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war;
The unmannered dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated bleeding;
But left behind him heroes bright,

Heroes in Cæsarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse
(The enamoured laurels kiss her brows)
Led on the loves and graces;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, played his part,
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-armed corps;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder;
Glenriddel, skilled in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought;
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory,
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
High waved his magnum bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,

Resistless desolation ;
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
Mid Lawson's port intrenched his hold,
And threatened worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed,
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rushed to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie ?
Grim Horror grinned ; pale Terror roared,
As Murther at his thrapple shored ;
And hell mixt in the brulzie !

As Highland crags, by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ;
As flames amang a hundred woods ;
As headlong foam a hundred floods ;
Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly,
Before th' approaching fellers ;
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour,
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring!
The muffled murtherer of Charles
The Magna-Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame,
Auld Covenanters shiver;
Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!

Still o'er the field the combat burns;
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns,
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit, or strength of man,
Alas! can do but what they can —
The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cub's undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
From furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir James —
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save,

And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave,
And Stuart bold as Hector!

Thou, Pitt, shall rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of wo,
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan, rejoice!
And Burke shall sing: "O prince, arise!
Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He hears, and only hears the war,
A cool spectator purely;
So when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

ADDITIONAL VERSE IN CLOSEBURN MS.

Now for my friends' and brothers' sakes,
And for my native Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire —
Lord, send a rough-shod troop of hell
O'er all would Scotland buy or sell,
And grind them into mire!

ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

"Should the poor be flattered?" — SHAKESPEARE.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright:
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He 's gane! he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled!

Ye hills! near neibors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!

Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea!
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see!
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
In scented bowers!
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood!
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud!
Ye curlews calling through a clud!
Ye whistling plover!
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood!—
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals!
Ye fisher herons, watching eels!
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake!
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of wo?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that 's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,

Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man — the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth,
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth!

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! — my story 's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief —
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurned at Fortune's door, man,

A look of pity hither cast —
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart —
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise —
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa' —
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art stanch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain —
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire —
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish, whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot!
For Matthew was a rare man.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

"Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke."
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon,
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: — Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither —
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle —
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread, —
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river, —
A moment white — then melts for ever,
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last,
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg,)
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;

Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares : —
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoored ;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae, we 'll face the devil ! —
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;

Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light:
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'!

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,

Till ilka carline swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!
But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Louping and flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perished monie a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power; —
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glow'red and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out: "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin';
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss;
A running stream they darena cross!
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle, —
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carline claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed!
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ye may buy the joys ower dear: —
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

STANZAS ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' monie a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the friend of wo and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother-plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer-morn;
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand,
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid the accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!

In thee, high Heaven above was truest shewn,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm — Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy fens,
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored,
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail,
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning-tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care!
So decked the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild, wi' monie a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milkwhite is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang!

I was the queen o' bonny France,
Where happy I hae been;

Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I 'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And monie a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of wo
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

BY yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came, —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say 't, though we ken wha 's to blame, —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame, —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same, —
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Looked on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream.
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,

Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewailed his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mouldering down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang:

"Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the agèd year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye 'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

"I 've seen sae monie changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;

I wander in the ways of men,
  Alike unknowing and unknown;
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
  I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
  Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
  My noble master lies in clay;
The flower amang our barons bold,
  His country's pride, his country's stay!
In weary being now I pine,
  For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
  On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
  The voice of wo and wild despair;
Awake! resound thy latest lay —
  Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
  That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
  Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale
  Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
  Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
  That melts the fogs in limpid air;
The friendless bard and rustic song
  Became alike thy fostering care.

"O why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of wo!
O had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART. OF WHITEFOORD, WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive-offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved:
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

THIRD EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest),
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade!

Thou, Nature, partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all the omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles insure:
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts. —
But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child — the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;

No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur; —
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side;
Vampire booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! — appalled I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life;
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.
O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!

Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When Disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost —
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears!
O hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! —
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE — *Miss Muir.*

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is,
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile 's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptered hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender;

The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drop the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE BONNY WEE THING.

TUNE — *Bonny wee Thing.*

BONNY wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonny face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

TO MR. MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!
Health, aye unsoured by care or grief!
Inspired, I turned Fate's sybil leaf
This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second-sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven-times-seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are monie,
Baith honest men and lasses bonny,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe, and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the deil he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye:
For me, shame fa' me,
If niest my heart I dinna wear ye,
While BURNS they ca' me!

SONG OF DEATH.

AIR — *Oran an Aoig.*

Scene: A Field of Battle. — Time of the day: Evening. — The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant — he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero — a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave?

FOURTH EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains;
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns.
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
If aught that giver from my mind efface,
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

SWEET SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

SWEET Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But how Distress with horrors arming,
Thou, alas! hast known too well!

Fairest Flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
But, alas! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Cords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of wo.

AE FOND KISS.

TUNE — *Rory Dall's Port.*

AE fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of Hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy;

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

SONG.[1]

To an old Scots Tune.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat, arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O fareweel!
Severed frae thee, can I survive,
Frae thee whom I hae loved sae weel?

Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray o' comfort shall I see,
But this most precious, dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me.

[1] Another copy of this song is given further on, at p. 173.

Alang the solitary shore,
Where fleeting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I 'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I 'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path shall be!
While through your sweets she holds her way,
O tell me, does she muse on me?

—◆—

SONG.

To a charming plaintive Scots Air.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever!
Anguish unmingled and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

O MAY, THY MORN.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December,
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And secret was the chamber:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

And here 's to them that like oursel'
Can push about the jorum;
And here 's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that 's gude watch o'er them!
And here 's to them we darena name,
The dearest o' the quorum;
And here 's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

MY NANNIE 'S AWA'.

NOW in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it 's delightless — my Nannie 's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie — and Nannie 's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn;
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity — my Nannie 's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw
Alane can delight me — now Nannie 's awa'!

TO FERGUSSON.

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.
O why should truest worth and genius pine,
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wo,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!

THE DEIL 'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

TUNE — *The Looking-glass.*

THE deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries: "Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

The deil 's awa', the deil 's awa',
The deil 's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He 's danced awa', he 's danced awa',
He 's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

"We 'll mak our maut, we 'll brew our drink,
We 'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."
The deil 's awa', the deil 's awa',
The deil 's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He 's danced awa', he 's danced awa',
He 's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

There 's threesome reels, there 's foursome reels,
There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was — the deil 's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil 's awa', the deil 's awa',
The deil 's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He 's danced awa', he 's danced awa',
He 's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

BONNY LESLEY.

O SAW ye bonny Lesley,
As she gaed owre the Border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;

For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He 'd look into thy bonny face,
And say "I canna wrang thee!"

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonny.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET closes the eve on Craigieburn Wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn Wood
Can yield me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh, to be lying beyond thee!
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That 's laid in the bed beyond thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonny;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'T wad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me,
And a' my days o' life to come
I 'll gratefully adore thee.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blithe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they 'll wither.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

AIR — *Carron Side.*

FRAE the friends and land I love
Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best beloved I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;

Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
Bring our banished hame again,
And ilk loyal bonny lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

TUNE — *My Tocher's the Jewel.*

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an arle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.

Ye 're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye 're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye 'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye 'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

TUNE — *What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man?*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan:
I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

TUNE — *The Bonny Lad that 's far awa'.*

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
Is owre the hills and far awa'?

It 's no the frosty winter wind,
It 's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that 's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disowned me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonny lad that 's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonny lad that 's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been owre the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou are sae thriftless o' thy sweets,

Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pou'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

TUNE—*Yon Wild Mossy Mountains.*

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequestered stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs!
And when wit and refinement hae polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I 'm clasped in her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE — *The Moudiewort.*

CHORUS.

AND O for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I 'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They 'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie — there 's my loof —
I 'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE — *The Sweet Lass that lo'es me.*

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I 'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal —
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,

And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And they 'll gae bigg Terregles towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terregles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There 's no a heart in a' the land
But 's lighter at the news o' 't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather.
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night of sorrow!

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE — *The Country Lass.*

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, "I 'll be wed, come o' 't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It 's ye hae wooers monie ane,
And, lassie, ye 're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There 's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
It 's plenty beets the luver's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me.
But blithe 's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie Glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fou han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care 's an unco care.
But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor — Robbie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy —
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,

Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence,
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
That thy presence gies to me.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

TUNE — *The Posie.*

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;

But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green —
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou';
The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;

The violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear —
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I 'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I 'll place it in her breast, and I 'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove —
And this shall be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

WILLIE WASTLE.

TUNE — *The Eight Men of Moidart.*

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clew wi' ony bodie.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e — she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither —
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She 's bough-houghed, she 's hein-shinned,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther —
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
And wi' her loof her face a-washin';

But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water —
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

THE SMILING SPRING.

TUNE — *The Bonny Bell.*

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonny Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE — *The Weaver's March.*

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By monie a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

O I had wooers aucht or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I 'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I 'll love my gallant weaver.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

TUNE — *She's Fair and Fause.*

SHE 'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She 's broken her vow, she 's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonny lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind:
Nae ferlie 't is though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind.

O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form 's fa'n to thy share;
'T wad been owre meikle to gien thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o' 't,
The warsle and the care o' 't;
Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE — *Katharine Ogie.*

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT [NOV. 26, 1792].

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is — Protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward the impending storm.

Our second Right — but needless here is caution;
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it — 't is Decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men — and you are all well-bred —
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own — 't is dear, dear Admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life — immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares —
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions:
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.

DOST thou not rise, indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,

When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn!

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
And claught th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted —
Would thou hae nobles' patronage,
"First learn to live without it!"

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

TO MISS FONTENELLE, ON SEEING HER IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

THE LEA-RIG.

TUNE — *The Lea-Rig.*

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He 's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She 's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She 's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she 's an heiress, auld Robin 's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O how past descriving had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o' 't!
On blithe Yule-night when we were fou',
Ha, ha, the wooing o' 't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o' 't!

Duncan fleeched, and Duncan prayed;
Ha, ha, etc.;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, etc.
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Gret his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' owre a linn;
Ha, ha, etc.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, etc.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to — France for me!
Ha, ha, etc.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, etc.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, etc.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, etc.;
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoored his wrath;
Now they 're crouse and canty baith;
Ha, ha, etc.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

TUNE — *Here's a Health to them that's awa'.*

HERE 's a health to them that 's awa',
Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
And wha winna wish guid-luck to our cause,
May never guid-luck be their fa'!
It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
Here 's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!

May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and Tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here 's freedom to him that wad read!
Here 's freedom to him that wad write!
There 's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here 's friends on both sides of the Forth!
And friends on both sides of the Tweed!
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

SONG.

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 't were na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?

Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth, when I think on
Its pride, and a' the lave o' 't,
Fie, fie on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o' 't!
O why, etc.

Her een sae bonny blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye;
She talks of rank and fashion!
O why, etc.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, etc.

How blest the humble cotter's fate![1]
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, etc.

[1] In the original manuscript, "How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate."

GALA WATER.[1]

THERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

[1] Some years before composing the present beautiful song, Burns had given to the *Scots Musical Museum* the following improved version of the original homely ballad, which, it may be mentioned, referred not to the lads, but to a *lass* of Gala Water: —

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
O braw lads of Gala Water!
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', —
The mair I kiss she 's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That cost her monie a blirt and blear ee.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!

SONNET:

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING-WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some *pity* on me shaw,
If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonny Irwine side,
Where first I owned that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting,
It wasna the blast brought the tear in my ee;
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the cave of your slumbers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But if he 's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my ain!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

OPEN the door, some pity to shew,
O open the door to me, oh!

Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
O open the door to me, oh!

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!"

She has opened the door, she has opened it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
"My true love!" she cried, and sank down by
his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the
Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr;
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;

Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthroned in her een he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger —
Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE — *The Mill, Mill O!*

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' monie a sweet babe fatherless,
And monie a widow mourning,[1]
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I 'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth —
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,

1 Variation —

"And eyes again with pleasure beamed,
That had been bleared with mourning."

I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coyl,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and trysting-thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O happy, happy may he be,
That 's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I 've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I 've served my king and country lang —
Take pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake o' 't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade.
Ye 're welcome for the sake o' 't."

She gazed — she reddened like a rose —
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Though poor in gear, we 're rich in love,
And mair we 'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenished fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he 's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR — *O Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack?*

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy,
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She 's left the guidfellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter more moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher 's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

YESTREEN I GOT A PINT OF WINE.

YESTREEN I got a pint of wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah:
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I 'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I 'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

YOU'RE WELCOME TO DESPOTS, DUMOURIER.

YOU 'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You 're welcome to Despots, Dumourier.
How does Dampierre do?
Ay, and Beurnonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we 'll be damned, no doubt — Dumourier.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling;
Condemned to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
Fain, fain my crime would cover:
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors yields at last
In overwhelming ruin!

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE — *Liggeram Cosh.*

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE — *Logan Water.*

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie Winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn-bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his songs her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
While Willie 's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!

As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry?[1]
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing!

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

BONNY JEAN.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:

[1] Originally—

"Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
The widow's tears, the orphan's cries."

The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.-

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whispered thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na;
At length she blushed a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

WHILE larks with little wing
Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild-flowers among,
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were;
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE — *Robin Adair.*

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind! canst thou declare
All thy fond-plighted vows fleeting as air!

To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

TUNE — *Allan Water.*

BY Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready.
I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang —
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said: "I'm thine for ever!"
While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!

But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure?
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD

TUNE — *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.*

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

TUNE — *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's child.

The rose-bud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 't is prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily, —
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,

When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But, beauty, how frail and how fleeting —
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

AIR — *Cauld Kail.*

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur.
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I 'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een sae bonny blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

DAINTY DAVIE.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

NOW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I 'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple Morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When Day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that 's my ain dear Davie.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE — *Hey, tuttie taitie.*

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do or die!

BEHOLD THE HOUR!

TUNE — *Oran Gaoil.*

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
Severed from thee, can I survive?
But fate has willed, and we must part.
I'll often greet this surging swell,
Yon distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There, latest marked her vanished sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

AS down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With " Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew ? "
Quoth Mary : " Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE — *Fee him, Father.*

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie ! thou hast left me ever ;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie ! thou hast left me ever :
Aften hast thou vowed that death only should us sever ;
Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye — I maun see thee never, Jamie,
— I 'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie ! thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie ! thou hast me forsaken :
Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary een I 'll close — never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken !

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be — shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

TUNE — *Saw ye my Father?*

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny, alone.

Time cannot aid me; my griefs are immortal;
Not hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamoured and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE — *My Jo Janet.*

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
No longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of us two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

"If 't is still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-by allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I 'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I 'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

—◆—

APOLOGY TO MR. RIDDEL FOR A RUDENESS OFFERED HIS WIFE.

THE friend whom wild from Wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray) —
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive? —
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'T is thine to pity and forgive.

—◆—

MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed,
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear;
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'T is real hangmen, real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,

And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
(Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:)
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine —
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of poesy abused?
Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)

A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep —
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore!

Why Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?
Maria, send me, too, thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I —
My periods that deciphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply?

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE — *Lass of Inverness.*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee.
Drumossie Moor — Drumossie-day —
A waefu' day it was to me!

For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see,
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be!
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—*Graham's Strathspey.*

O MY luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June;
O my luve 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
And fare-thee-weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION.

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,[1]
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.[2]

[1] Variation —

To join yon river on the Strath.

[2] Variation —

Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia reared;
When, lo! in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appeared.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy — "Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of wo,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play —
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE — *Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

TUNE — *Louis, what reck I by thee?*

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me —
Kings and nations, swith, awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

SOMEBODY!

TUNE — *For the sake of Somebody.*

MY heart is sair — I dare na tell —
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!

Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do — what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

AIR — *The Sutor's Dochter.*

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That 's the love I bear thee,
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie!
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE — *Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's not a flower that blooms in May
That 's half so fair as thou art.
The flower, it blaws, it fades, and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That 's half so sweet as thou art.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

TUNE — *At Setting Day*

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell, in laboured strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!
They who but feign a wounded heart
May teach the lyre to languish;

But what avails the pride of art,
When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O read the imploring lover!
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising,
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of nature prizing.

WAE IS MY HEART.

TUNE—*Wae is my Heart.*

WAE is my heart, and the tear 's in my ee;
Lang, lang, joy 's been a stranger to me;
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved,
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonny castle-green!
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's ee.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS

TUNE — *Laggan Burn.*

HERE'S to thy health, my bonny lass,
Guid-night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry,
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means,
Frae wedlock to delay thee,
Depending on some higher chance —
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
But I 'm as free as any he;
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae long as I'll enjoy it;
I'll fear nae scant, I 'll bode nae want,
As lang 's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them;

Though they seem fair, still have a care,
  They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
  My dear, I 'll come and see thee;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
  Nae travel makes him weary.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

TUNE — *Bonny Mary.*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
  And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
  When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
  To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 't were impious to despair,
  So much in sight of heaven.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE 'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

. . . . . .

OUT ower yon muir, out ower yon moss,
  Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns;

The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

. . . . . .

JOCKEY 'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE — *Jockey 's ta'en the Parting Kiss.*

JOCKEY 'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE — *Cordwainers' March.*

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;

And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There 's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

O MALLY 'S MEEK, MALLY 'S SWEET.

O MALLY 'S meek, Mally 's sweet,
Mally 's modest and discreet,
Mally 's rare, Mally 's fair,
Mally 's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;

And 't were more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF GLENRIDDEL.

NO more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul!
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar!

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of wo,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier;
The Man of Worth, and hath not left his peer,
Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet!

THE BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE — *The Banks of Cree.*

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has tolled the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'T is not Maria's whispering call;
'T is but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear! —
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 't is music and 't is love.

And art thou come? — and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;

Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death,
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of" —

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring;
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing;
One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

FROM BURNS'S LAST LETTER TO CLARINDA.

IN vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.

"Wronged, injured, shunned, unpitied, unredrest;
The mocked quotation of the scorner's jest" —
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THOMSON'S MELODIES, PRESENTED TO A LADY.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives:
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song;

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of wo reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France?
I watna what 's the name o' 't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o' 't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;

It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel', man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He 's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 't was sent, man:
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Maks high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin 's banned the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man.
King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran — her foes gied chase,
And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man;
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man:
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 't will be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake this life
Is but a vale o' wo, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;

And a' the comfort we 're to get,
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The warld would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We 'd on each other smile, man,
And equal rights and equal laws
Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
I 'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
Syne let us pray, auld England may
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
And blithe we 'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE — *O'er the Hills, etc.*

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He 's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:

Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that 's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that 's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor 's thundering at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that 's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can — I weep and pray,
For his weal that 's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet!
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales,

Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that 's far away.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie!

Hark! the mavis' evening-sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We 'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die — but canna part,
My bonny dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE — *Onagh's Lock.*

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue:
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his wo;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
When first her bonny face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,

Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature — auld nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm, —
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon,
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

SAW YE MY PHELY?

TUNE — *When she cam ben she bobbit*

OH, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She 's down i' the grove, she 's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?

She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou 's fair,
Thou 's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT!

TUNE — *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

HOW long and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie!
And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
That 's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day, how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE — *Duncan Gray.*

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why, then, ask of silly Man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can —
You can be no more, you know.

THE LOVER'S MORNING-SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE — *Deil tak the Wars.*

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,

Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladd'ning and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravished sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart —
'T is then I wake to life, to light, and joy![1]

[1] Variation:

Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hazel-bowers
His lay the linnet pours;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky;
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart —
'T is then, 't is then I wake to life and joy! — CURRIE.

THE AULD MAN.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet Maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow! nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

TO CHLORIS.

INSCRIBED IN A BOOK PRESENTED TO HER.

'TIS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,

(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few:

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower:)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store —
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

TUNE — *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I 've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love —
But 't is na love like mine.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE — *Dainty Davie.*

IT was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay;

One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people, you might see
Perched all around on every tree;
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Outrivalled by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie's Rant.*

CHORUS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee:
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou 'lt be my dearie O?

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
We 'll to the breathing woodbine-bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we 'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
I 'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer —
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist, while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me.
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE — *The Sow's Tail.*

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
When roving through the gathered hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love,

Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care nae wealth a single flie;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE — *Lumps o' Pudding*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they 're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:

My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom 's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers it a' :
When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is : "Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward —
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear —
But not a love like mine, my Katy.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that.
His ribbon, star, and a' that;

The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

O WAT YE WHA 'S IN YON TOWN?

CHORUS.

O WAT ye wha 's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The dearest maid 's in yon town
That e'enin' sun is shinin' on.
O sweet to me yon spreading tree,
Where Jeanie wanders aft her lane;
The hawthorn flower that shades her bower,
Oh, when shall I behold again!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE — *Let me in this ae Night.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gait ye cam again —
I winna let you in, jo!

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo!

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed —
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo!

BALLADS ON MR. HERON'S ELECTION, 1795.

BALLAD FIRST.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that, and a' that,

Through Galloway and a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is 't never saw that?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
And is 't against the law that?
For why, a lord may be a gouk,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;

But we 'll hae ane frae 'mang oursel's,
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
For we 're not to be bought and sold,
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he 's worthy a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD SECOND.

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickering there;
For Murray's light horse are to muster,
And oh, how the heroes will swear!

First, there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whase honour was ever his law;
If the Virtues were packed in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectfu' 's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property 's paper, but lands.

For there frae the Niddisdale borders,
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Jockie, stanch Geordie, and Wellwood,
That griens for the fishes and loaves.

And there will be Heron the Major,
Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flattery we 'll keep for some other,
Him only 't is justice to praise.

And there will be Maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's guid knight;
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,
Wha luckily roars i' the right.

Next there will be wealthy young Richard —
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
For prodigal thriftless bestowing —
His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first;
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin, o' lads not the warst.

And there will be Stamp-office Johnnie —
Take care how ye purchase a dram;
And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house of great merit and note;

The deil ane but honours them highly,
The deil's few will gie them a vote.

And there 'll be Murray commander,
And Gordon the battle to win;
Like brothers they 'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and sin.

And there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he gets na hell for his haddin,
The deil gets nae justice ava.

And there 'll be Kempleton's birkie,
A chiel no sae black at the bane;
For as for his fine nabob fortune,
We 'll e'en let that subject alane.[1]

And there 'll be Wigton's new sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;
She 's gotten the heart o' a Bushby,
But, Lord! what 's become o' the head?

And there 'll be Cardoness Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

And there is our king's lord-lieutenant,
So famed for his grateful return;

[1] Variation:

For now what he wan in the Indies,
Has scoured up the laddie fu' clean.

The birkie is getting his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Douglases doughty
New-christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the —— of a peer.

And there 'll be lads o' the gospel;
Muirhead, wha 's as guid as he 's true;
And there 'll be Buittle's apostle,
Wha 's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there 'll be Kenmure sae generous,
Whase honour is proof to the storm;
To save them frae stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

And there 'll be Logan M'Dowall,
Sculduddery and he will be there;
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgering gunpowder Blair.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body, e'en let him escape!
He 'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 't were na' the cost o' the rape.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
And hey for the blessings 't will bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom, 't would make him a king.

And hey for the sanctified Murray,
Our land who wi' chapels has stored;
He foundered his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

TUNE — *The Babes in the Wood.*

'T WAS in the seventeen hunder year
O' grace and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
O' ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth morn,
The sun raise clear and bright;
But oh I was a waefu' man
Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' *equal* right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman joined
The Murray's noble name.[1]

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.[2]

[1] Variation:

Fast knit in chaste and haly bands,
Wi' Broughton's noble name.

[2] Variation:

Earl Galloway's man o' men was I,
And chief o' Broughton's host;

'T was by the banks o' bonny Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud,
Wi' *wingèd spurs* did ride,
That auld gray yaud, yea,[1] Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An there had na been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the[2] Glenkens came to our aid,
A chief o' doughty deed;
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;

So twa blind beggars on a string
The faithfu' tyke will trust.
But now Earl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
And Broughton 's wi' the slain,
And I my ancient craft may try,
Sin' honesty is gane.

[1] Variation: a.

[2] Variation: And fra

Whase haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness,
Looked on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
My gamesome billie Will;
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight [1] before.

But Douglases o' weight had we,
The pair o' lusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping C——l——n,
Was mair in fear than wrath;
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae scaith. . . . .

[1] Variation: might.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE — *Push about the Jorum.*

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There 's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fall de rall, etc.

Oh, let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap, come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursel's united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fall de rall, etc.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it, —
By Heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
Fall de rall, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Wh' 'ould set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We 'll ne'er forget the People.

TOAST FOR THE 12TH OF APRIL.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I 'll give you a toast —
Here 's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost! —
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I 'll give you — the King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
And here 's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution!
And longer with politics not to be crammed,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

TUNE—*We'll gang nae mair to yon Town.*

OH, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonny braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town,
  Yon sinkin' sun 's gane down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town
  His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
  And suffering I am doomed to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
  But spare me — spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
  Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she — as fairest is her form!
  She has the truest, kindest heart!

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE — *Where 'll bonny Ann lie?* or, *Loch-Erroch Side.*

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
  Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
  Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
  Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?

Oh! nocht but love and sorrow joined,
Sic notes o' wo could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE — *Aye wakin' O.*

CHORUS.

LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish?
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread;
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE — *Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave,
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? — the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters — the chains o' his Jean!

'T WAS NA HER BONNY BLUE EE WAS MY RUIN.

TUNE — *Laddie, lie near me.*

'T WAS na her bonny blue ee was my ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
'T was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever!

Mary, I 'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest;
And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter;
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS!

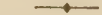
ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

TUNE — *John Anderson, my Jo.*

HOW cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby,
Poor woman sacrifice!

Meanwhile, the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife; —
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries:
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.



MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

TUNE — *Deil tak the Wars.*

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day;—
Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipped deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE — *Let me in this ae Night.*

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;

And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, altered Friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart —
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE — *The Lothian Lassie.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi' 'm to believe me!

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
And vowed for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying;
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A well-stocked mailen — himsel' for the laird —
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;

I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? — in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her!

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowred as I 'd seen a warlock, a warlock;
I glowred as I 'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he capered as he 'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie;
And vowed I was his dear lassie!

I speered for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet,
But, Heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin';
But, Heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

He begged, for guidsake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE — *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?
O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
Why, why wouldst thou cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE — *This is no my ain House.*

CHORUS.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.[1]

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;

[1] The reader will learn with surprise that the poet originally wrote this chorus —

O this is no my ain Body,
Kind though the Body be, etc.

It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that 's in her ee.

She 's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that 's in her ee.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her ee.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

NOW spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The furrowed, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of wo!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift — a silver dart —

And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art.
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye.
As little recked I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O BONNY was yon rosy brier
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonny she, and ah! how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,

Thy own reproach alone dost fear, —
Approach this shrine, and worship here!

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

HOW shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace —
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted —
The very name of Douglas blasted —
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stained the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that 's good exempt.

VERSES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

AS on the banks o' wandering Nith,
Ae smiling simmer-morn I strayed,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lambkins played,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream;
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sughs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave: —
"And came ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid.

"There was a time, it 's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting, through the trees, appeared
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curled up the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter 's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twined ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripped the cleeding o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?

Or was 't the wil'fire scorched their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sighed,
As through the cliffs he sank him down,
"The worm that gnawed my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown."

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'T would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better:
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent — these are no laughing times:
Can you — but, Miss, I own I have my fears —
Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence;
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;

Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more — askance the creature eying,
D' ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I 'll laugh, that 's poz — nay, more, the world shall
know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet!
Firm as my creed, Sirs, 't is my fixed belief,
That Misery 's another word for Grief;
I also think — so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doomed to that sorest task of man alive —
To make three guineas do the work of five;
Laugh in Misfortune's face — the beldam witch!
Say, you 'll be merry, though you can't be rich.
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought — a rope — thy
neck —
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf!
Laugh at her follies — laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder — that 's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise,
And as we 're merry, may we still be wise.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,
In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin,
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye 've heard this while how I 've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid-luck I lap a wicket,
And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I 've got a share o' 't,
And by that life, I 'm promised mair o' 't,
My hale and weel I 'll tak a care o' 't,
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o' 't,
For ance and aye!

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A BALLAD.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous hapless Mary;
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job —
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remembered.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shews that Heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil —— in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy,

For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!
But accept, ye sublime majority,
My congratulations hearty!
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking, —
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they 're to your liking.

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

MY honoured colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,

Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve!
And aye a rowth roast-beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her —
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I 've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst Carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on —
He 's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonny lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man, the flee, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,

Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure!

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE — *Balinamona ora.*

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher — the nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty 's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster the faster it grows,
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
Ilk spring they 're new deckit wi' bonny white yowes!

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them, the mair they 're carest

JESSY.

CHORUS.

HERE 'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms,
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock't in thy arms — Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee —
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree — Jessy!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I 'd shelter thee, I 'd shelter thee!
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'!

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there!
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen!

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE — *Buy Broom Besoms.*

WHA will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;

Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me!

There 's a noble earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang —
It 's thought the guids were stown.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the worth o' Broughton,
In a needle's ee;
Here 's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness's head;
Fine for a sodger,
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawned in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;

Frae the downs o' Tinwald —
So was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here's armorial bearings,
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, a sour crab-apple,
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' as a taed.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the font where Douglas
Stane and mortar names;
Lately used at C[aily]
Christening M[urray's] crimes.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock,
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, etc.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
If to buy ye 're slack,
Hornie 's turnin' chapman —
He 'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee ;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me !

EPIGRAMS ON MISS LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun ;
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast — a toast divine ;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth, —
Else Jessy had not died.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth, —
For Jessy did not die.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE — *Rothemurchie.*

CHORUS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks:
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear:
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share,
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know!

CALEDONIA.

TUNE — *Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

THERE was once a day — but old Time then was young —
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung :
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew :
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, the encounter shall rue !"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned, till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand ;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darkened the air, and they plundered the land :
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They 'd conquered and ruined a world beside ;

She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly —
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assailed,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robbed him at once of his hopes and his life.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run;
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I 'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
Rectangle-triangle the figure we 'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia 's the hypothenuse;
Then ergo, she 'll match them, and match them always.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE — *Morag.*

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!
O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that 's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
O that 's the lassie, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;
O that 's the lassie, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,

But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that 's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that 's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her!

VERSICLES OF BURNS.

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps — here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed :
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned !

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honoured name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep —
To hell, if he 's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He 'll haud it weel thegither.

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low —
For saul he ne'er had ony.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it 's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion!

EPITAPH ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

AS Father Adam first was fooled,
(A case that 's still too common)
Here lies a man a woman ruled:
The devil ruled the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do 't;
Tak thou the carline's carcass aff,
Thou 'se get the saul to boot.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he shewed her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank off the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to shew her respect, but — to save the expense!

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

AS Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgathered by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thamas;
Wha cheerfully lays down his pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack.

His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death taks him hame to gie him quarters.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

AE day, as Death, that greusome carle,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
And monie a guilt-bespotted lad. —
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter —
Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches:
"By G—, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d—d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L— G—!" quoth he, "I have it now;
There 's just the man I want, i' faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

OH, had each Scot of ancient times,
Been Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through th' inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings.

GRACES BEFORE MEAT.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want,
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent!
And, if it please Thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content! *Amen!*

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who madst the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore!
And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

EXTEMPORANEOUS GRACE ON A HAGGIS.

YE powers wha gie us a' that 's guid,
Still bless auld Caledonia's brood,
Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's bluid,
In stoups or luggies;
And on our board the king o' food,
A glorious haggis!

TO A PAINTER.

DEAR ——, I 'll gie ye some advice,
You 'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel 's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there 's less danger;
You 'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK,

OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

HONEST Will to heaven is gane,
And monie shall lament him;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON MR. W. NICOL.

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye 've gotten;
You 've got a prize o' Willie's heart,
For deil a bit o' 't 's rotten.

ON MR. W. MICHIE,

SCHOOLMASTER, CLEISH, FIFESHIRE.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he 'll mak 'em!

ON MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
Lovely Burns has charms, confess:
True it is, she had one failing —
Had a woman ever less?

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

A CAULD day December blew;
A cauld kirk, and in 't but few;
A caulder minister ne'er spak;
It will be lang ere I come back.

TO MRS. DAVID WILSON.

MY blessings on ye, honest wife,
I ne'er was here before;
Ye 've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife —
Heart could not wish for more.

Heaven keep you clear of sturt and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore,
And by the Lord o' death and life,
I 'll ne'er gae by your door!

VERSE ON MISS AINSLIE.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'T was *guilty sinners* that he meant —
Not *angels* such as you!

SYMON GRAY.

A young man named Symon Gray, the son of a respectable citizen of Dunse, had addicted himself to the unprofit-

able service of the Muse, and hearing of the Ayrshire bard being at Berrywell, he took the liberty of sending a specimen of his verse for Burns's opinion. The poet gave it a hasty perusal, and returned it with merely the remark:

Symon Gray,
You 're dull to-day.

Symon, not abashed, immediately sent a fresh packet, which the poet as quickly returned, with an inscription on the outside:

Dulness, with redoubled sway,
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

Strange to say, two rebuffs were insufficient to take the edge from Symon's vanity, and he sent a third packet containing several of his most elaborate performances. It came too late to admit of Burns paying it any immediate attention, as he was about to proceed on an excursion to the eastern parts of the country; but on his return a few days after to Berrywell, he took it up, and gave its author the *coup-de-grace*, as follows: —

Dear Symon Gray,

The other day.
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time.
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I 've read it o'er and o'er,
Tried all my skill, but find I 'm still
Just where I was before.
We auld wives' minions, gie our opinions,
Solicited or no;
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I 'll give — and here they go.

. . . . . .

We can scarcely present before good company the opinion of the bard in its entire form; but the reader will have an idea of its general bearing from one passage:

Such damned bombast no age that 's past
Will shew, or time to come.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I 'll canter ony gate,
Though 't were a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl:
Then, sir, God willing, I 'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE CROSS KEYS INN AT FALKIRK. [?]

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang;
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,
For misery ever tholed a pang.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise.

But whan we tirled at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF AN INN AT STIRLING.

ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

HERE Stuarts once in triumph reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroofed this palace stands,
Their sceptre 's fallen to other hands.

The injured Stuarts' line are gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne, —
An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S MARTIAL.

OH thou, whom poesy abhors!
Whom prose has turned out of doors!
Heardst thou yon groan? Proceed no further;
'T was laurel'd Martial calling murther!

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with His image blest!

The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth.

Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed:
If there 's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

HOWLET FACE.

HOW daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly, glowering spectre?
My face was but the keekin' glass
An' there ye saw your picture."

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood — cost Scotland tears;
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause —
If thou 'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

ON A CERTAIN PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave —
And sure they do not lie.

WILLIE STEWART.

YOU 'RE welcome, Willie Stewart;
You 're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There 's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That 's half sae welcome 's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we maun renew it;
The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
Ilk action may he rue it,
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart!

ANDREW TURNER.

IN seventeen hundred forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to make a swine,
And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner!

VERSES TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

OH, could I give thee India's wealth,
As I this trifle send,

Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend!

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconean stream;
Then take what gold could never buy —
An honest bard's esteem.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN HIS HOUSE.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EXCISEMEN UNIVERSAL.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? teasing ledgers:
What premiers — what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

ON A GROTTO IN FRIARS' CARSE GROUNDS.

TO Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart 's so tender;
But build a castle on his head, ——
His skull will prop it under.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'er dispute thy pleasure ?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure ?

EPITAPH ON MR. GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels ;
He 's blest if as he brewed he drink,
In upright honest morals.

EPITAPH FOR A DOG.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore !
Now half extinct your powers of song, —
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys !
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN ——, deceased, to the devil went down,
'T was nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
"Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown shall wear never,
I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever."

IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I 've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal-day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'T is done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

TO DR. MAXWELL:

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessy from the grave? —
An angel could not die!

ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flowed.

ON W—— R——, Esq.

SO vile was poor Wat, such a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damned him when laid in his grave;
"In his skull there is famine!" a starved reptile cries;
"And his heart it is poison!" another replies.

EPIGRAM.

NO more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you 've been:
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen.

TO MR. SYME.

On sending Mr. Syme a dozen of porter from the Jerusalem Tavern of Dumfries, Burns accompanied the gift with a complimentary note.

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'T were drink for first of human kind,
A gift that even for Syme were fit.

At Syme's own house, being pressed to stay and drink more, Burns hesitated; then taking up a tumbler, he scribbled on it:

There 's Death in the cup, sae beware —
Nay, mair, there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine 's sae bewitching.

So late as the 17th December, 1795, when Burns was in declining health, being invited by Syme to dine, with a promise of the best company and the best cookery, he accompanied his apology with a similar compliment:

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give:
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

ON THE "LOYAL NATIVES."

YE true Loyal Natives, attend to my song!
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, devil, if you can.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer —
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill — but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind,
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair? —
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

NO Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire:
So ran the far-famed Roman way, —
So ended in a mire.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

OLD SONGS, IMPROVED BY BURNS.

FROM JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.

O WHARE DID YOU GET?

TUNE — *Bonny Dundee.*

O WHARE did you get that hauver meal bannock?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between St. Johnston and bonny Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't!
Aft has he doudled me upon his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonny ee-bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou 's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
But I 'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
And I 'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

TUNE — *I'm owre young to Marry yet.*

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And if I gang to your house,
I 'm fleyed 't will make me eerie, sir.
I 'm owre young to marry yet;
I 'm owre young to marry yet;
I 'm owre young — 't wad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you and I in wedlock's bands,
In troth, I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I 'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

TUNE — *Cold blows the Wind.*

CHORUS.

UP in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn —
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE — *Duncan Davison.*

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she took the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn,
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We 'll big a house — a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonny lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE — *The Ruffian's Rant.*

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They 'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he 's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi' 't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at St. Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw,
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Up wi' 't, etc.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head,
And oh, but he was handsome.
Up wi' 't, etc.

MY HOGGIE.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die,
My joy, my pride, my hoggie?
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And oh, but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie,
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the howlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blutter frae the boggie,
The tod replied upon the hill —
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie,
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE — *Aye Waukin O.*

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Aye waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping;
I think on my bonny lad,
And bleer my een wi' greetin'.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

TUNE — *Whistle o'er the Lave o' 't.*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven I thought was in her air;
Now we 're married — spier nae mair —
Whistle o'er the lave o' 't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonny Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me 's beguiled —
Whistle o'er the lave o' 't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see —
Whistle o'er the lave o' 't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dished up in her winding-sheet,
I could write — but Meg maun see 't —
Whistle o'er the lave o' 't.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me;
Jamie, come try me;

If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou would be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

TUNE—*Awa', Whigs, Awa'.*

CHORUS.

AWA', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye 're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye 'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonny bloomed our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.

Our ancient crown 's fa'n in the dust —
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o' 't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o' 't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!

WHARE HAE YE BEEN?

TUNE — *Killiecrankie.*

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
And Clavers got a clankie, O,
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

The verses within brackets are old, with only a few touches of improvement by Burns.

CA' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazel spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

[Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye 'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye but stand to what ye 've said,
I 'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.]

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,

Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye sall be my dearie.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that;
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as mickle 's a' that,
The bonny lass that I lo'e best,
Shall be my ain for a' that, etc.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

TUNE — *Young Jockey.*

"The whole of [this song], excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns." — STENHOUSE.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa':
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een, sae bonny blue,
He roosed my waist, sae genty sma';
And aye my heart came to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw,
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
And aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a';
And aye he vows he 'll be my ain,
As lang 's he has a breath to draw.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

TUNE — *Lass, an' I come near thee.*

WHA is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay:
Then gae your gate, ye 's nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye, sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay:
Before the morn ye 'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay:
Ye 'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay:
I fear ye 'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,
I'll remain, quo' Findlay:
I dread ye 'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay:
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow, I 'd see my jo,
Beside me, 'gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what-reck, did least expec',
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
Cocked sprush when first he clasped me;
And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he pressed me.
Deil tak the war! I late and air,
Hae wished, since Jock departed;
But now as glad I 'm wi' my lad,
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by, sae sad was I,
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest, my mind 's at rest,
I 'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair, I 'se aye be there,
And be as canty 's ony.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE — *Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*

AS I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
I may be distressed, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad ha' broken,
For oh! love forsaken 's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;

I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE — *The Weary Pund o' Tow.*

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As guid as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet — I sang to see 't —
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I 'll wallop in a tow.

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—*Guidwife, count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirk 's the night,
But we 'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy 's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine 's the rising sun.
Then guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There 's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fight and fen;
But here we 're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that 's drunk 's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye 'll find him out.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

TUNE—*The Maid's Complaint.*

IT is na, Jean, thy bonny face
Nor shape that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;

But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—*The Collier Laddie.*

WHERE live ye, my bonny lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye;"
"My name," she says, "is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie."

"See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie?
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

"Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie."

"Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;

I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

"I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen 't at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

"Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie."

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE — *Ye Jacobites by Name.*

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame —
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life,
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—*Craigton's Growing.*

OH, Lady Mary Ann looked o'er the castle wa';
She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower amang them a'—
My bonny laddie 's young, but he 's growin' yet.

O father! O father! an' ye think it fit,
We 'll send him a year to the college yet:
We 'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he 's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew;
Sweet was its smell, and bonny was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed the sweeter it grew—
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an aik,
Bonny and bloomin', and straught was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonny laddie 's young, but he 's growin' yet.

KENMURE 'S ON AND AWA'.

TUNE—*O Kenmure 's on and awa', Willie.*

O KENMURE 'S on and awa', Willie!
O Kenmure 's on and awa'!
And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There 's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here 's Kenmure's health in wine!
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men!
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They 'll live or die wi' fame!
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here 's him that 's far awa', Willie!
Here 's him that 's far awa'!
And here 's the flower that I love best —
The rose that 's like the snaw!

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

TUNE — *A Parcel of Rogues in a Nation.*

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I 'll mak this declaration:
We 're bought and sold for English gold —
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE — *Hey, ca' through.*

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

We 'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

TUNE — *Kellyburn Braes.*

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn Braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

"I 've got a bad wife, sir; that 's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
For, saving your presence, to her ye 're a saint:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

"It 's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
"But if ye can match her, ye 're waur than ye 're ca'd:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And, like a poor pedler, he 's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

He 's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—— and a ——:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The carline gaed through them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
"Oh, help, master, help, or she 'll ruin us a':"
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)

He pitied the man that was tied to a wife:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he 's carried her back:
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife:"
And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime.

JOCKY FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

LET love sparkle in her ee,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That 's the tocher guid I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

IT was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
For the lands of Virginia, O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow or frost,
Like the lands of Virginia, O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
In the lands of Virginia, O;
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
And alas I am weary, weary, O!

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE— *Coming through the Rye.*

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Jenny 's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny 's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the world ken?

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE — *The Carlin o' the Glen.*

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain,
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned resistless king of love.
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
He sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear.

The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!"

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE — *Jacky Latin.*

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A heigh house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonny sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Lang;
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE CARDIN' O' 'T.

TUNE — *Salt-fish and Dumplings.*

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a coat to Johnny o' 't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o' 't, the spinnin' o' 't,
The warpin' o' 't, the winnin' o' 't —
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin' o' 't!

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE — *The Peacock.*

WHEN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanced to meet,
Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form nane ever saw
Than hers that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "Guid-night," and smiling said,
"I hope ye 'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow, when I raise,
I thanked her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
Of her that made the bed for me.

I clasped her waist and kissed her syne;
The tear stude twinkling in her ee;
"O dearest maid, gin ye 'll be mine,
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me."

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE — *If thou 'lt play me fair play.*

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,

Bonny Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonny Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonny Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonny Highland laddie.
Go! for yourself procure renown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonny Highland laddie.

SAE FAR AWA'.

TUNE — *Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*

O SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa',
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That formed this Fair sae far awa',
Gie body strength, and I 'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her sae far awa',
And nought can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nae other dart,
I feel, but hers sae far awa',
But fairer never touched a heart,
Than hers the Fair, sae far awa'.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I 'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again;
I 'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonny Jean again.

There 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She 'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin' time draws near again,
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! she 's doubly dear again.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE — *The Killogie.*

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley!
Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here 's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley!
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?—
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley?

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

TUNE — *It was a' for our rightfu' King.*

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear,
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

O STEER HER UP.

TUNE—*O steer her up, and haud her gaun.*

O STEER her up, and haud her gaun,
Her mother's at the mill, jo;
And gin she winna take a man,
E'en let her take her will, jo.
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' another gill, jo;
And gin she take the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
And gin she take it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo.
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo;
Then gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket;

The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lilie flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

TUNE — *My Wife she dang me.*

O AYE my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she 'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last,
When a' my days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I 'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she 'll soon o'ergang ye.

O GUID ALE COMES.

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I selt them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cotter,
Played me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter?

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient hae 't he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee,
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it,
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonny;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS

THERE was a bonny lass, and a bonny, bonny lass,
And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear,
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' monie a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nought could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

CROWDIE.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry crowdie evermair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallan en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.

PIECES DOUBTFULLY ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD, IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY.

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
That fell remorse a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy,
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace — and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire:
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire —
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer:

But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care,

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

THE VOWELS:

A TALE.

'TWAS where the birch and sounding thong
are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deformed, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalked in; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!

The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing wo;
The Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;
So grim, deformed, with horrors entering. U
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutched him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,
Baptised him *eu*, and kicked him from his sight.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL Poesie! thou Nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
Frae common-sense, or sunk enerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! ower aft thy joes hae starved,
Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage,
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
E'en Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They 're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan —
There 's ain; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou 's for ever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonny lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits; but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

GLOSSARY.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeigh, off, aloof.
Ablins, perhaps, possibly.
Ablins thrang, perhaps busy.
Ablins waur't, perhaps worsted.
Aboon, above.
Aboon the lift, above the sky.
Abread, abroad in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Adle, muck water.
Ado, to do.
Ae, one.
Aff-han', off-hand.
Aff-loof, off-hand.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
A-gley, awry, wrong.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aik, an oak.
Ain, own.
Air, early, soon.
Aire-penny, earnest-money.
Airn, iron.
Airt, quarter, direct, direction.
Airted, directed.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, a cart-horse.
Aizle, a cinder.
A-jee, ajar.
Alane, alone.
Akwart, awkward.
Amaist, *'maist*, almost.
Amang, among.
Ance, once.
Ane, one, an.
Anent, about.
An's, and am.
Anither, another.
Arle-penny, earnest-bait.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, askant.
Aspar, astride.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Athort, athwart.
Atween, between.
Aught, possession.
Auld, old.
Auld birkie, old boy.
Auld-farrant, sagacious, sensible.
Auld lang syne, days of other years.
Aumis, alms.
Aumis-dish, alms-dish, or plate
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

Ba', ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backlins comin', coming back, returning.
Bade, *baide*, endured, desired.
Baggie, the belly.
Baide, resided.
Bainie, bony.
Bairn, a child.
Bairn-time, children.
Baith, both.

Bakes, biscuits.
Ban, to swear, to curse.
Band, bond.
Bangs, beats.
Bannock, a cake.
Bardie, diminutive of bard.
Barefit, barefoot.
Barmie, yeasty.
Barring, fencing.
Batts, botts.
Baubee, a halfpenny.
Baudrons, the cat.
Bauk-en', beam-end.
Baukie-bird, the bat.
Bauks, cross-beams.
Bauld, bold.
Be, to let be, to give over.
Bear, barley.
Bear-meal, barley-meal.
Beas', vermin.
Beck, courtesy.
Bedeen, forthwith.
Beets, keeps up, feeds, adds fuel.
Beld, bald.
Bell, flower, blossom.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, in, inward.
Benlomond, a mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Benmost, innermost.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, book.
Bicker, a wooden vessel.
Bicker, a short race.
Bickered, raced.
Bickering brattle, hasty clatter.
Bickering, racing.
Bid, expect, propose.
Bide, endure.
Biel, a shed.
Bield, a sheltered place, protection.
Bien, comfortably.
Big, bigg, build.
Biggin, building.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, brother, friend, comrade.
Billies, blades.
Bings, heaps.
Birken-shaw, birchen woods.
Birkie, a fellow.
Birks, birches.
Birring, whirring.
Birses, bristles.
Bit, a crisis, the nick of time.
Bizz, buzz, bustle.
Bizzard-gled, buzzard, kite.
Blad, a liberal portion.
Blae, blue.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf.
Blastit, blasted, degenerate.
Blate, bashful.
Blather, a bladder.
Blaud, a slap, an effusion.
Blaudin', beating.
Blaw, to boast.
Bleert, bleared.
Blellums, fellows.
Blether, nonsense.
Blethers, follies.
Bletherin, prating, chatting.
Blink, look kindly, gleams an instant.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin', smirking.
Blinks, glances, twinkles.
Blirt, to cry.
Blypes, shreds.
Blue-gown, an authorized beggar.
Bluntie, a sniveller.
Blutter, the mire snipe.
Bock, to vomit.
Bocked, vomited.
Boddle, doit.
Bodle, a small gold coin.
Bogle, goblin, phantom.
Bole, a recess, or hole in the wall.
Bonnie, bonny, handsome, beautiful.
Boortree, the shrub elder.
Boost, must needs.
Botch, an angry tumor.
Bough-houghed, bow-legged.
Bouk, a corpse.
Bousing, drinking.
Bow-kail, a cabbage.
Bow't, crooked.
Brackens, breckan, fern.
Brae, a declivity, the slope of a hill.
Bragged, challenged.
Braid, broad.
Braik, a heavy harrow.
Braindg't, raged.
Brainge, to run rashly.

Brak', broke.
Branks, a bridle, a rude bridle, a wooden curb for horses.
Brash, sickness.
Brats, suits.
Brattle, a race, beating.
Braw, well dressed, fine.
Brawly, brawlie, heartily.
Braxies, dead sheep.
Breastit, sprung.
Brechan, a collar.
Bree. liquor, barley bree.
Breef, an irresistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent. smooth, bran.
Brie, brow.
Brie, juice. liquid.
Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast.
Brocke, the badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, water, liquid, broth.
Broose. a race at weddings.
Brose, pottage.
Browst, braving.
Bruchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
Brugh, a burgh.
Brulzie, a broil.
Brunstane, brimstone
Brunt, burnt.
Brust. burst.
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Budget, a bag.
Buff, a blow.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin' time, ewe-milking.
Buirdly, stout.
Bum, to hum as a bee, to exult.
Bum-clock, a beetle.
Bummil, bungle.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, wenches.
Bure the gree. bore the bell.
Burnewin, a blacksmith.
Burnies, rivulets, a brook.
Burns, brooks.
Busk, dress.
Buskit, dressed, decorated.
Busky, bushy.
Buss, a bush.
But, without.
But and ben, throughout, kitchen and parlor.
But buss or beild, without bush or shelter.
But the house, in the outer room.
Butching, killing.
By, about it.
By himself, crazy, lunatic.
Bye attour, moreover. besides.
Byke, a hive.
Byre, the cow-house.

Ca', to drive, to move.
Ca'd, or *ca't*, driven, called, calved.
Ca' the yowes, drive the ewes.
Caddies, fellows.
Caff, chaff.
Cadger, a pedlar.
Cadie, (*cadot*,) younger son, lackland, menial.
Caird, a tinker, a gypsy.
Cairn, a heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callans, boys.
Callant, a boy.
Caller, cool.
Callet. a wench.
Cannie, gently, easy, calmly.
Canniest, wisest.
Canny, carefully, thoughtfully, happy, gentle, lucky.
Canny thraw, gentle twist.
Cant, chant, song.
Cantrips, spells.
Canty, pleasant, merry, lively, cheerful.
Canty-claw, cheerfully scratch.
Cap stane, top stone.
Care na by, it irks me not about it.
Carkin', fretting, gnawing, corroding.
Carle, carlie, an old man.
Carlines, old women.
Carritch, the catechism.
Cartes, cards.
Cast out, quarrel.
Caudron, a caldron.

Cauf, a calf.
Cauk, chalk.
Caul', *cauld*, cold.
Cauler, fresh.
Caup, a cup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Caution, legal bail.
Cavie, a hen-coop.
Cawt, driven.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanters, pipes.
Chapman billies, pedlars.
Chaumer, chamber.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheek for chow, fat-faced.
Cheep, chirping, to chirp.
Chicken-cavie, a hen-coop.
Chiels, lads.
Chimla, chimney.
Chittering, chattering.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, the jowl.
Clachan, village.
Clachan yill, village ale
Claith, cloth.
Claivers and haivers, merry nonsense.
Clarkit, kept accounts.
Clash, gossip.
Clatter, talk, idle stories.
Claught, clutched, snatched at.
Claughtin', catching.
Claukie, a blow.
Claut, a lump.
Claut, to clutch.
Clautet, scraped.
Clavers, babblings.
Claymore, a sword.
Cleckin', brood.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeding, clothing.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleek, to catch.
Cleekit, linked.
Clegs, gadflies.
Clink, money.
Clinking, sitting.
Clinkumbell, bellringer, beadle.
Clips, wool-shears.
Clish-ma-clavers, talk, palaver.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clocking, breeding.
Cloot, foot, hoof.
Clootie, Satan.
Clour, a swelling after a blow.
Clours, blows.
Clout, a patch.
Clud, a cloud.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cock, a mark.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied on a girl's head, a cap.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a pail, wooden vessel.
Coggie, a vessel.
Coggie fou, a bowl full.
Cogs o' brose, pails of pottage.
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
Collie, a cur.
Collie shangie, contention.
Commaun, command.
Convener, principal craftsman in a Scottish guild.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a fool.
Cookit, suddenly vanished.
Coost, cast off.
Cooser, a stallion.
Coot, the ankle, or foot.
Cootie, a foot-pail.
Cootie, feather-legged.
Corbies, ravens.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Cour, to stoop.
Couthie, agreeably, loving, kindly.
Cowe, to dock, to lop.
Cowe, a fright.
Cowp, to barter, to overturn, a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled over.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, quietly.
Cozie biel, a snug shelter.
Crabbit, fretful.
Crack, chat, speech, conversation.
Crackin crouse, talking briskly
Craft, or *croft*, a field.
Craig, the neck.
Craigie, the throat.
Craiks, landrails.
Crambo-clink, rhymes.

Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Crap–s, crop–s.
Craw, a crow or rook; the crow of a cock.
Crazed, worn out.
Creel, a basket.
Creeple-chair, the stool of repentance.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crocks, old ewes.
Croods, the cooings of the dove.
Croon, to moan, to roar.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse and canty, merry and happy.
Crowdie, porridge.
Crowdie-time, breakfast.
Crowlin', crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns, a rod, short stick.
Crump, crisp.
Crunt, a dint.
Cuifs, fools.
Cuist, to cast.
Curch, a woman's cap.
Curler, a player at curling (a game on ice).
Curmurring, murmuring.
Curpin, the rear.
Curple, the rump.
Cushat, the wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short.
Cutty-sark, a short shift.

Daddie, a father.
Daez't, stupefied, deprived of vigor.
Daffin, merriment, sporting, folly.
Daft, insane, mad, foolish.
Dails, portions of food.
Daimen-icker, an ear of corn; now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humored.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Dames, dames, ladies.
D—d haet, devil a bit.
Dandered, wandered.
Dang, to beat.
Danton, to daunt.
Darklins, without light.
Daud, to bespatter or abuse.
Daudin', beating.
Dauds, hunks.
Daunton, to frighten.
Dauntonly, fearlessly.
Daur, to dare.
Daurk, a day's work.
Daut, to caress.
Daw', dawn.
Dawd, or *daut*, a large piece.
Dawin, dawing.
Dawtingly, caressingly
Dawtit, *dawtet*, petted, caressed.
Dead, death.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deep-lairing, sinking.
Deil haet, nothing.
Deleret, delirious.
Den, a dingle.
Dens, groves.
Deuks, ducks.
Devel, a blow.
Devil's picture-books, cards.
Dight, to wipe, winnowed.
Dighting, winnowing.
Dike, *dyke*, a wall, an enclosure.
Dimpl't, eddied.
Din, dun, dark, swarthy.
Dine, sunset.
Ding, be beaten, knocked.
Dink, lady-like.
Dinted, smitten.
Dirl, to vibrate.
Dizzen, a dozen.
Dochter, daughter.
Doited, stupid, doting, stupefied.
Doited lear, stupid lore.
Dondled, dandled.
Donsie, mischievous, unlucky.
Dools, sorrows, grief.
Dorty, sulky.
Douce, grave, wise, sober, serious.
Doucely, wisely.
Dought, could.
Doup, backside.

Dour and din, obstinate, harsh and noisy.
Doure, obdurate, stern, unsparing.
Dow, can.
Dowff, stupid. spent. dull.
Dowie, sorrowful, sad, drooping, melancholy, sadly.
Downa, unable, cannot.
Doyl't, stupid.
Doylin', walking stupidly.
Dozen'd, stupefied.
Drants, long prayers.
Drap, a drop.
Draunting, drawling.
Dree, to suffer.
Dreep, to ooze or drip.
Dreigh, tedious.
Driddle, to creep, play.
Droddum, the breech.
Drookit, drenched, wet.
Droop rumpl't, thin-flanked.
Drouk, wet.
Drucken, drunk, drunken.
Drunt, a pet.
Drumlie, troubled, clouded, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water.
Dub, a pool, a puddle.
Duddie, ragged.
Duddies, suits of clothes
Duds, clothes.
Dung, jaded.
Dunted, throbbed.
Dunts, blows.
Dush, to push as a ram.
Dyvors, bankrupts.

Earn, an eagle.
Ee, *een*, eye, eyes.
Eerie, frightened, alarmed, fearful, awe-inspiring.
Eerie swither, dismal hesitation.
Eild, old age.
Elbucks wheep, elbows fly.
Eldritch, frightful, unearthly, elfish.
Eller, elder.
Embro', Edinburgh.
Eneuch, enough.
Engine, temper, genius.
Envious buckies, crabbed fellows.
Ettle, endeavor.
Evendown, downright.
Evermair, evermore.
Eydent, diligent.

Fa', lot, fate, get, attempt.
Fa'n, fallen.
Fa's, has a right; waterfalls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, spared.
Fain, glad, fond.
Fainness, rapture.
Fairin', a reward.
Fair-strae, chance-medley.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, fond.
Farls, cakes.
Fash, trouble.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fastern e'en, the eve of Shrove Tuesday.
Fatt'rels, ribbon-ends.
Faught, fight.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fautor, a culprit.
Fawsont, handsome, seemly, decent.
Feal, loyal, steadfast; a field.
Feat, trim.
Fecht, a fight; strained.
Fechtin', fighting.
Feck, moot, consideration.
Fecket, a waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, stout.
Feckless, feeble, puny, weak.
Feckly, mostly.
Fee, to hire, wages.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, a feud.
Feint, deuce, deil-a-bit.
Fell, biting, keen.
Felled, killed.
Felly, relentless.
Fen, come on.
Fend, to provide for.
Fen', shift.
Ferly-ie, wonder.

Fetch, to pull by fits, intermittently.
Fey, predestined, doomed.
Fidge, to shrug, to fidget.
Fidge fu' fain, hug herself.
Fidgin' fain, excitedly eager.
Fiel, soft.
Fient haet, no one.
Fier, sound, healthy.
Fiere, a companion.
Fight and fen, to make shift.
Fish-creel, a basket.
Fissle, to fidget.
Fit, a foot.
Fitted, suited.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Flae, a flea.
Flaffan, fluttering.
Flannen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleechin', wheedling.
Fleesh, fleece.
Fleg, to kick.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin', flattering.
Flewit, a smart blow.
Fley, affright.
Fley'd, frightened, afraid.
Flichterin', fluttering.
Flinders, splinters.
Flingin-tree, a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flit, to move.
Flitter, to flutter.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Flyte, to scold.
Fodgel, plump.
Fog, dry moss.
Foggage, material for nests.
Foor, went.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, ancestors, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, enfeebled.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, encounter, to meet.
Forjiskit, jaded.
Forrit, forward.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, drunk, mellow.
Foughten, worried
Foumart, a weasel.
Foursome, four (handed).
Fouth, abundance.
Fow, a bushel, also a pitch-fork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Fremit, estranged.
Fu', full.
Fuds, tails.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, smoked.
Fur-ahin, plough-horse.
Furm, a form.
Furr, a ditch.
Furrs, furrows.
Fusionless, tasteless, useless.
Fyke, shrug, fret.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

Gab, a mouth.
Gaberlunzie, a wallet.
Gabs, talk, mouths.
Gadsman, a ploughboy.
Gae, to go.
Gaed, went.
Gaets, ways, roads.
'Gain, towards.
Gairs, showy ornaments.
Gait, way.
Gane, gone.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gar, make.
Gars, makes.
Gar't, made.
Garten, garters.
Gash, sagacious, sensible, talkative.
Gashin', conversing.
Gat, got.
Gate, road, way.
Gaucy, jolly, plump, fat.
Gaud, a plough.
Gaudsman, a ploughman.
Gaun, going.
Gaunted, yawned.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish.
Gaylies, pretty well.
Gear, goods, wealth, money.

Geck, to sport, to mock.
Geds, pipes, pikes.
Genty, elegantly, slim.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child.
Gie, to give.
Gied, gave.
Gien, given, have given.
Gif, if.
Giga, a violin.
Giglets, mocking children.
Gillie, a gill.
Gilpey, a young girl.
Gimmer-pets, young ewes.
Gin, if, towards.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girdle, a griddle, also a girder or rafter.
Girn, to grin.
Girnin', grinning.
Girr, a hoop.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, giddy, idle, thoughtless, inattentive.
Glaive, a sword.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like glass.
Glamour, necromancy.
Glaumed, grasped, snatched
Gled, a kite, a hawk.
Gleg, or *gleck*, sharp, quick.
Gleib, a piece, a portion.
Gley, a squint, to squint.
Glib-gabbet, ready-tongued.
Glint, to peep, pass quickly.
Glinted, passed quickly.
Glintin', flashing.
Gloamin', twilight.
Glow'r, to stare, to look.
Glowerin', staring.
Glunch, to frown.
Goavan, moving stupidly, walking aimlessly.
Gor-cocks, moor-cocks.
Gowan, the daisy.
Gowanny, daisied.
Gowd, gold.
Gowdspink, the goldfinch.
Gowf, the game of golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a fool.
Gowl, to howl.
Graff, grave.
Graip, a fork; to grope.
Graiped, groped.
Graith, dress, attire, harness, armor, implements, gear.
Grane, a grain; to groan.
Graned, groaned.
Grat, wept.
Great, intimate.
Gree, to agree.
Gree, palm, superiority, supremacy.
Greet, to shed tears; agreed.
Greetin', weeping, crying.
Grien, to long.
Griens, longs.
Grieves, overseers.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, to play a losing game.
Grousome, *greusome*, grim, loathsome.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt.
Grumphie, the pig.
Gruntle, the mouth.
Grunzie, pig-mouth.
Grushie, thick; of thriving growth.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, God.
Gude, *guid*, good.
Guid e'en, good evening.
Gully, a clasp-knife.
Gulravage, confusion.
Gumlie dubs, muddy ponds.
Gumlie jaups, muddy waves.
Gumption, cleverness.
Gusty, tasteful.
Gusty sucker, savory sugar.
Gutcher, grandsire.
Gutty, gouty.

Ha', hall.
Haddin', habitation.
Hae, to have.
Haen, had.
Haffet, the cheek.
Hafflins, half.
Ha' folk, kitchen-people.
Haggis, a pudding made in the stomach of a sheep.
Haggs, mosses.
Hain, spare, to save.
Hain'd-rig, saved ridge.

Hain't, saved.
Hair'st, harvest.
Hairum scarum, heedless.
Haith, Faith, — a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense.
Hal', hold.
Hale, sound.
Hallan, a porch, a door.
Hallan en', the doorway.
Hallions, clowns.
Hallowe'en, All-hallows Eve, Oct. 31st.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Han', hand.
Hankers, fumbles.
Hansel, newly gained.
Hap, cover, wrap, covering.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap-shackled, foot-tied.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, huckaback.
Harrow-taks, a dung-fork.
Har'st, harvest.
Hash, a rough fellow.
Haslock-woo', the finest wool.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to keep, to hold.
Haud-waled, chosen.
Hauf, half.
Haughs, valleys, meadows.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haurls, drags.
Haverel, a half-witted person.
Havins, manners
Hav'rel, a fool.
Hawkie, a cow.
Heal, health, well.
Healsome, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Heather, heath.
Hecht, offered, promised.
Hechtin', threatening.
Heckle, flax-comb.
Heels o'er gowdie, heels over head.
Heeze, to raise.
Heft, *haft*, the handle.
Hein-shinned, thin-shinned. (?)
Held the gate, went on prosperously.
Herd, to tend flocks.
Hern, the heron.
Herriet, despoiled.
Herry, to plunder.
Herryment, plunder.
Het, hot.
Heugh, fell.
Heugh, a crag or precipice.
Hilch, to hobble.
Hilchin', halting.
Hincheon, the hedgehog.
Hind, farm-laborer.
Hing, to hang.
Hinny, honey.
Hirpled, hobbled.
Hirples, limps, hobbles
Hirplin', limping.
Hirsels, flocks.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hitch, a loop.
Hizzies, servant girls, girls, wenches.
Hoast, to cough.
Hoddin, jogging.
Hog showther, to jostle.
Hoggie, a two-year-old sheep.
Hoodie-craw, the hooded crow.
Hoodock, miserly.
Hool, outer skin or case.
Hoolie, gently.
Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
Hornie, the devil.
Hostin', coughing.
Hotch, to shake with laughter.
Hotched, jerked about.
Houlet, an owl.
Houp, hope.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, a valley, a hollow.
Howe-backit, hollow-backed.
Houghmagaudie, fornication.
Howff, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, dug, excavated.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoyse, to hoist.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyte, to hobble.
Huirding, hoarding.
Hunkers, the hams.
Hurcheon, the hedgehog.
Hurdies, loins, hips, haunches
Hushion, a cushion.

Hyte, mad.

I', in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a grandchild.
Ilka, each.
Ilka bore, every hole.
Ill, unkind.
Ill willie, ill-natured.
Ill-thief, the devil.
Ingine, ingenuity, genius.
Ingle, a fireplace.
Ingle-gleed, the fire.
Ingle-lowe, the chimney-blaze.
Ingle-reek, the chimney-smoke.
I'se, I shall, or will.
Ither, other, one another.

Jad, jade.
Jads, jades.
Jag, a puncture, to prick.
Jauk, to dally.
Jaukin', dallying.
Jauner, prattle.
Jaups in luggies, splashes in bowls.
Jaw, much talk, coarse raillery.
Jaw, to dash.
Jee, ajee, ajar, wrong bias.
Jillet, a jilt.
Jimp, slender.
Jimply, slenderly.
Jink, to steal.
Jinker, a runner, a wag.
Jinkers, sprightly girls.
Jinkin', dodging, furtive.
Jinks, dodges.
Jirt, to jerk, a jerk.
Jo, dear, joy, darling.
Jocteleg, a knife.
Joes, favorites.
Jouk, to bend, stoop, skulk.
Jow, a peal.
Jundie, to push.

Kaes, jackdaws.
Kail, broth, cabbage.
Kail-runt, cabbage-root.
Kane, tribute.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Kebbuck-heel, cheese-rind.
Kebers, rafters.
Keckle, to laugh.
Keek, to look.
Keekin, looking.
Keekit, peeped.
Keekit ben, peeped in.
Keeks, peeps.
Keel, a black or red lead-pencil.
Kelpies, mischievous water-spirits.
Ken, to know.
Kennin', a small matter.
Kenspeckle, easily known.
Kep, receive.
Ket, fleece.
Kiaugh, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmers, gossips, girls.
Kin', kind.
Kind, nature.
Kintra, country.
Kintra cooser, country stallion.
Kintra-fleg, a country fling.
Kirn, a churn.
Kirn, the harvest-supper.
Kirsen, to christen.
Kist, a chest.
Kitchens, relishest.
Kittle, difficult.
Kittle, to tickle.
Kittle-kimmer, a skittish wench.
Kittlin, a kitten.
Knaggie, bony.
Knappen-hammers, stone hammers.
Knowe, a knoll, a hillock.
Knurl, a dwarf.
Knurled, gnarled, knotty.
Knurlin, a dwarf.
Kuittlin', cuddling.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
Kyte, the stomach, the belly.
Kythe, to show.

Labour, to thrash.
Laddie, diminutive of lad.
Lade, a load.
Lads, lovers.
Lag, slow.
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
Laigh, low.

Lair, learning.
Lairing, sink in snow.
Laith, loath, loth.
Lallans, lowland speech.
Lampit, the limpet.
Lan', land, estate.
Lane, alone.
Lap, wrapped.
Lat'eful, hesitating.
Lave, the rest, other people.
Lav'rock, the lark.
Law, a hill.
Lawin, reckoning.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lay, or *ley*, pasture-ground.
Lays, fields.
Leal, true.
Lear, learning.
Lea-rig, a grassy ridge.
Lee, a lie.
Lee, lonely.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Lee-some, pleasant.
Leeze, blessings.
Leeze me on, my delight is in, commend me to, dear to me.
Leister, a fish-spear.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, emasculated.
Lick, a blow.
Lickit, beaten.
Lieve, willingly.
Lift, the sky, firmament.
Lightly, slight, to undervalue.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to ring, to sing.
Limmer, a mistress.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin', tumbling.
Linkit, fell to.
Linn, a waterfall, cascade.
Lint, flax.
Linties, linnets.
Lint-white, flaxen.
Lintwhites, linnets.
Lint was i' the bell, flax was in flower.
Lippened, trusted.
Loan, milking-yard.
Loch, a lake, inlet of the sea.
Loof, the palm.
Loons, rascals.
Loot, let.
Looves, palms.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin.
Lowe, fire, flame.
Lowin', blazing, flaming.
Lowin' heugh, flaming hollow
Lowp, or *loup*, to leap.
Lowrie, abbreviate of Lawrence.
Lowsed, loosed.
Lug, the ear.
Lugget caup, eared dishes.
Luggies, dishes.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunt, to smoke.
Luntin', smoking.
Lyart, gray.
Lyart haffets, gray temples.

Mae, more.
Mailen, a farm, an estate.
Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Mally, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage house
Marled, checkered.
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, to infuse.
Maskin' pat, a teapot.
Maud, a shepherd's plaid.
Maun, must.
Maunna, may not.
Maukin, the hare.
Maut, malt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, mow.
Mawin, mowing.
Mawn, mown.
Meere, a mare.
Meikle, much.
Melder, corn sent to be ground
Mell, to meddle, associate.
Mell'ie, to soil with meal.
Men', mend, to amend.
Mense, civility, discretion.
Menseless, senseless.
Mercies, entertainment.
Merle, the blackbird.
Mess John, a clergyman, the parish priest.
Messan, a cur.
Messin, a small dog.

Midden, a dunghill.
Midge, a gnat.
Mim, primly.
Mim-mou'd, prim-mouthed.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mind, to remember.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, darkness.
Mirkest, darkest.
Misca'd, abused.
Mischanter, an accident.
Misleared, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mither, mother.
Mixtie maxtie, mingled.
Moil, labor.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, many.
Mools, the dust, clods.
Moop, mump.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mot, a mark.
Motty, full of motes.
Mou', mouth.
Moudieworts, moles.
Muckle, much, big, great.
Muir, a moor.
Muses' stank, Helicon.
Musie, diminutive of Muse.
Muslin kail, oatmeal gruel.
Mutchin, a measure of nearly a pint.
Mysel', myself.
Mystic knot, conclave of gossips.

Na, or *nae*, no.
Naething, *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Neist, next.
Neuk, corner, nook.
Nickan, cutting.
Nicket, cut off.
Nicks, cuts.
Nieve, hand, fist.
Nievefu', a handful.
Nieves, hands, fists.
Niffer, to exchange.
Niger, a negro.
Nits, nuts.
Nocht, nothing.
Norland, belonging to the north.
Nowt, *nowte*, bullocks, cattle.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O'erword, burden of her song.
Ony, any.
Ony gate, any way.
Or, ere.
Orra-duddies, superfluous clothes.
O' 't, of it.
Oughtlins, at all.
Oughtlins douser, any soberer.
Ourie, drooping.
Outcast, a quarrel.
Outler quey, an unhoused cow.
Outlers, *outliers*, cattle not housed.
Out-ower, over, across.
Ower, over.
Owrehip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm.

Pack, intimate; twelve stone of wool.
Paidl't, waded.
Painch, the stomach; small guts.
Paitrick, a partridge.
Pangs, crams.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, porridge.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a stick for cleaning the plough.
Paughty, haughty, proud.
Pauky, or *pawkie*, sly, cunning.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Pech, to breathe short.
Pechan, the belly.
Pechin', panting.
Penny-fee, wages.
Penny-wheep, small beer.
Philibeg, the kilt.
Phrasin', cajoling.
Pibroch, Celtic war-song.
Pickle, a few, a small quantity
Piles, grains, particles.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pint-stoup, a flagon.
Pit, to put.

Placads, cheers.
Plack, a doit, coin, penny.
Plackless, penniless.
Plaid, an outer loose garment.
Platie, diminutive of plate.
Plea, a quarrel.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Plishkie, a trick.
Pliver, the plover.
Plot, offence, trick.
Pock, a bag, a small sack.
Poind, to distrain.
Poortith, poverty.
Posie, a nosegay, a garland.
Pou, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie whiddin, hare scudding.
Pouts, poults.
Pow, the head.
Pree, to taste.
Preef, or *prief*, proof.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print, printing.
Prie't, tasted.
Prig, to cheapen.
Priggin, haggling.
Primsie, demure.
Propone, propound, to lay down.
Pu', to pull.
Puddock stools, toadstools.
Puir, poor.
Punch, pound.
Pussie, the hare.
Pyet, the magpie.
Pyke, to pick.
Pyle, a single grain.

Quak, to quake; cry of a duck.
Quat, to quit.
Quean, a wench.
Quey, a cow one or two years old.
Quo, *quoth*, said.

Ragweed, herb ragwort.
Raibles, rattles.
Rair, roar.
Rairin', roaring.
Raize, to excite.
Ramfeezled, overspent.
Ram-stam, headlong, thoughtless.
Randie, sturdy.
Random-splore, a frolic.
Ranting, romping.
Rantin kien, noisy harvest-home.
Rap, or *rape*, a rope.
Raploch, coarse.
Rash, a rush.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, stout.
Raucle carlin, stout beldam.
Raught, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Raxed, stretched.
Raxing, stretching.
Reamed, foamed.
Reaming swats, foaming ale.
Reams, foams, cream.
Reave, to take by force.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, advise, warn, told.
Ree, half drunk.
Reek, smoke, froth, mist.
Reekit, smoked.
Reekit duds, smoked clothes.
Reestit giz, withered hair.
Reft and clouted, broken and patched.
Reif, robbery.
Reif-randies, thief-beggars.
Remead, remedy, help.
Restricked, restricted.
Rew, to relent, or repent.
Rickles, ricks.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin, a roof.
Ringwoodie, gaunt.
Rink, proper line.
Rin, to run, to melt.
Ripp, a handful.
Ripple, to shake.
Riskit, a wrenching noise.
Rive, to burst.
Rives, *riv'st*, tears.
Rock, a distaff.
Rockin', spinning on the distaff.
Roon, a round, a paring.
Roopit, rancous.
Roose, to praise, flatter.
Roosed, praised.
Row, to roll.
Rowt, rolled.

Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, abundance.
Rowthie, well-stored house.
Rowting, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Run deils, run wild.
Rung, a cudgel, bludgeon.
Rinkled, wrinkled.
Runt, stalk, cabbage-stem.
Runted, stunted.
Rustic reed, finger.
Ruth, sorrow, a woman's name.
Ryke, reach.

Sabbin, sobbing.
Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, serve.
Sairly, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sa'l, shall.
Sa'r, savor.
Sarks, shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, the soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saumont-coble, salmon-boat.
Saunt, saint.
Saut, salt.
Sautet, salted.
Sax, six.
Scaith, or *skaith*, harm, hurt, damage, danger.
Scar, to scare.
Scaud, to scold.
Scaur, a cliff.
Scaur, easily scared.
Scawl, a scolding wife.
Scone, a cake.
Sconner, are nauseated.
Screed, rent.
Scrievin', scrambling.
Scrimp, to scant
Scrimpit, stinted.
Scuds, runs.
Scunner, disgust.
Sel', self.
Selt, sold.
Seen, skilled.
Schachl't, distorted.
Shaird, a fragment.
Shangan, a cleft stick.
Shank, walk.
Shaul, shallow.
Shavie, a trick.
Shaw, respectable.
Shaw-s, wood-s, grove-s.
Shearers, reapers
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sleepshank, a small affair.
Sheerly, smartly.
Sheugh, a ditch, a furrow, a channel.
Shiel, a shed.
Shill, shrill.
Shog, to shake.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to promise, to threaten.
Shored, offered, promised, menaced.
Shouther, shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, certain, sure.
Sidelins sklented, obliquely directed.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin', since.
Sin, son.
Sinsyne, since.
Skeigh, coy, timorous, high-mettled.
Skellums, wretches, worthless fellows.
Skelp, to beat, to fly, to trip.
Skelpie-limmer-s, young jade-s.
Skelpin', thronging, smacking, slapping, working briskly.
Skinking ware, thin stuff.
Skirl, to scream, to sing shrilly.
Skirled, screamed.
Skirlin' weanies, screaming infants.
Sklent, to deceive, bent.
Sklented, glanced.
Sklentin', glancing.
Skouth, scope.
Skreigh, to neigh.
Skyrin, shining.
Skyte, impulse.
Slae, slow.
Slaps, gaps, gates, slops.
Slee, sly.
Sleekit, smooth.
Slight, knack.

Sliddery, slippery.
Sloken, to slake thirst.
Slype, to fall over.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, powder.
Smeek, smoke.
Smiddie, smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoored, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a heap.
Snapper, to stumble.
Snash, to abuse.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sned, to shear.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin' mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, sharp.
Snellest, sharpest.
Snick, to latch.
Snick-drawing, trick, contriving.
Snirtle, to laugh.
Snool, snub, succumb.
Snoov't-awa, went on quietly.
Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog.
Sonsie, sonsy, engaging, plump, comely.
Soom, to swim.
Sough, to sigh.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souple scones, barley cakes
Souter, cobbler.
Southron, English.
Sowens, a dish made of sour oatmeal.
Sowp, a spoonful.
Sowth, to con.
Sowther, to solder.
Sowthers, makes up for.
Spae, to tell, to prophesy.
Spails, chips.
Spairges, dashes, asperses.
Spat, spot.
Spates, speats, floods.
Spaul, a limb.
Spavie, spavin.
Spean, to wean.
Speels, climbs.
Speer, spier, to ask.
Spell, to discourse.
Spence, the inner room.
Spiel'd, climbed.
Spier't, or *speered*, inquired, asked.
Spleuchan, tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a merry meeting, a disturbance.
Sprachled, clambered.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spring, a quick air in music, a reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Spunk, tinder, a match.
Spunk, a spark.
Spunkie, lively.
Spurtle, a stick used in making hasty pudding.
Stacher, to stagger.
Staig, or *staggie*, a colt.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, to sting.
Stank, a pool, morass, or standing pool.
Stap, stop.
Stark, strong, sturdy.
Stark, stout, potent.
Starns, stars.
Stawmrel, half-witted.
Staw, stole, surfeit.
Stayest, steepest.
Stechin, stuffing.
Steek, close, shut.
Steek-s, stitch-es.
Steer, disturb, stir, molest.
Steeve, firm, compact.
Stell, a still.
Sten-s, bound-s, leap-s.
Sten't, reared.
Stented, chosen.
Stents, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep.
Stibble, stubble.
Stick and stow, completely.
Stile, a crutch, to halt, a limp.
Stimpart, the eighth of a bushel.
Stirk, year old bullock.
Stock, a root of colewort or cabbage.
Stoited, tottered.
Stoitered, staggered.

Stook, a shock.
Stoor, austere, hoarse.
Stot, an ox, a bullock.
Stound-s, ache-s, pang-s.
Stoups, jugs.
Stoure, dust.
Stowlins, stealthily.
Stowlins pried, stealthily kissed.
Stown, stolen.
Stoyte, to totter.
Strae, straw.
Straik, stroke.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and strong.
Strath, a valley.
Strathspey, a lively Highland tune or dance.
Straught, straight, upright.
Streek, stretch.
Streekit, stretched.
Stroan, to spout.
Strunt, spirits.
Strunt, street.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, diminutive of stump.
Sturt, molest, turmoil.
Sturtin, timorous.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, noise, rustle, soughs.
Sumphs, fools.
Swaird, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately.
Swankies, striplings.
Swarf, to swoon.
Swap, an exchange.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, ale.
Sweer, lazy, averse.
Swinge, to beat.
Swirl, a curve; *swirlie*, full of knots.
Swirly, knotty.
Swith, get away.
Swither, doubt, uncertainty.
Swoor, swore.
Sybow, a leek.
Syne, then, since.

Tack, a lease.
Tackets, shoe-nails.
Tae, toe.
Taed, a toad.
Tairge, a target; to examine.
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.
Tangs, tongs.
Tap, the top, a portion.
Tapetless, heedless.
Tappit hen, a tin quart-measure.
Tapsalterie, topsy-turvy.
Targe, to examine.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tassie, a cup.
Tauld, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless, young girl.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled.
Tawted, dirty, tangled, matted fleece.
Teats, handfuls.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Teen, vexation.
Temper-pin, regulating pin.
Tent, tend, mind, mark, observe, give heed to, care for.
Tentie, heedful, attentively
Tentier, more heedful.
Tents, watches, guards.
Teugh, tough.
Teughly doure, toughly stout.
Thack, thatch.
Thairms, fiddle-strings, catgut.
Theepit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thieveless, cold, dry.
Thigger, to beg.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled.
Thole, bear with, suffered, endure.
Thowe, to thaw, a thaw.
Thowless, feeble.
Thrang, thick, much, busy.
Thrapple, windpipe, throat.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves.
Thraw, to turn, to thwart

Thrawin', twisting.
Thraws, throes.
Threap, assert.
Threesome, three-handed.
Thrissle, thistle.
Through, good.
Throw'ther, in confusion.
Throwes, thaws.
Thrummart, the polecat.
Thuds, sounds, knocks.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, wood, timber.
Tine, *tyne*, lose, be lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint, lost.
Tint as win, lost as won.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tips, rams.
Tirl, to strip.
Tirled, rattled.
Tirlin', uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittie, sister.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Toddlin', purling.
Todlin', tottering.
Tods, foxes.
To-fa', nightfall.
Toom, empty.
Toomed, emptied.
Toom roose, empty praise.
Toss, toast.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
Tout, the blast of a horn.
Touzie, shaggy.
Touzle, to tear.
Touzling, rumpling.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, twelvemonth.
Toy, a cap.
Toyte, to move.
Tozie, tipsy.
Trams, wagon-shafts.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trig, spruce.
Trimly, excellently.
Trin'le, a wheel.
Troke, exchange.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth.
Tryste, market, fair.
Trysted, appointed; *to tryste*, to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug and tow, hide or rope.
Tulzie, fight, conflict, contention.
Twa, two.
Twal', twelve.
Twins, deprives.
Tyke, a dog.
Tykes, dogs.

Unco, strange.
Unco bang, a severe stroke.
Unco fit, at a good pace.
Unco folk, strangers.
Unco loon, stranger.
Unco tyke, strange dog.
Uncos, news, knowledge.
Unfauld, unfold.
Unkenned, unknown.
Unscaithed, unhurt.
Unsnicker, uncertain.
Unweeting, unknowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

Vapour, bullying, bragging.
Vauntie, elated.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ring round a cane.
Vogie, vain.

Wa', wall.
Wab, web.
Wabsters, weavers.
Wad, wed, would.
Wad, bet, wager, pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wadset, a mortgage.
Wae, woful, sad.
Wae sucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity!
Wae'est, saddest.
Waft, woof.
Waifs, stragglers.
Waired, spent.
Wair't, spend.
Wale, choice, select.
Walie, huge, jolly, ample.
Wallop, to quiver (in a tether).
Wallop in a tow, hung in a rope.

Waly, goodly.
Waly-neive, lusty fist.
Wame, the belly.
Wanchancie, unlucky.
Wanner, wander.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Ware, to spend, worn.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warl', world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warlock-breef, a spell.
Warl's gear, world's wealth.
Warly, worldly.
Warran', a warrant.
Warsle, wrestle, strive with.
Warsled, struggled.
Warst, worst.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet.
Water brose, meal and water.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to reel.
Waught, a draught.
Wauk, wake.
Waukin, watching.
Waukrife, sleepless.
Waur, to baffle, vanquish, get the better of worse.
Waur't, worsted, overcome.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Weans, little ones, children.
Weason, the throat.
Wechts, corn-baskets.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Weel-faured, well favored.
Weel-hain'd, well saved.
Weet, rain, wetness.
Weird, fate.
We 'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Wha's aught thae chiels, who are those fellows.
Whailpit, whelped.
Whaizle, wheeze.
Whang, cut, strap.
Whare, where.
Whase, whose.
Whatt, cut.
What-reck, nevertheless, what matter.
Whaup, the curlew.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk.
Whid, a fib.
Whiddin, hare's skipping.
Whids, the quick motions of the hare.
Whigmaleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin', peevish.
Whins, gorse, furze.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments.
Whisht, silence.
Whitter, a hearty draught.
Whittle, a knife.
Whipper-in, an interloper.
Whunstane, a whinstone.
Whup, whip.
Whyles, sometimes.
Wick, to strike a stone obliquely.
Wicker, willow.
Widdieful, contemptible, deserving the gallows.
Widdle, bustle, struggle.
Wight, strong.
Wighter, brisker, stouter.
Willie-waught, a hearty pull.
Willyart, bewildered.
Wimplin', curling, wheeling, winding, meandering.
Wimpl't, wheeled.
Win, to get, to winnow.
Winna, will not.
Winning, winding.
Winnock-bunker, window-seat.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsome, goodly.
Win't, winded.
Wintle, stagger.
Winze, an oath.
Wipe, a blow.(?)
Wiss, to wish.
Wistna, knew not.
Wit, to know.
Wizened, withered.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodie-y, a halter, a rope.
Wooer-babs, knots.
Wonner, an intruder.
Wons, lives, dwells.
Wonted, gone.
Wordy, worthy.

Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of wonder.
Wrack, vex, vexation.
Wraith, wrath.
Wraith, a spirit, or ghost.
Wrang, wrong.
Wreath, drifted snow.
Wud, mad.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliecoat, undervest.
Wyte, to blame.

Yad, jade.
Yaud, jade.
Ye, frequently used for thou.
Yealings, coevals.
Yearns, eagles.
Yells, milkless.
Yerkit, fermented.
Yestreen, last eve.
Yetts, gates.
Yeukin, itching.
Yeuks, itches.
Yill, ale.
Yill-caup, ale-pot.
Yird, earth, ground.
Yokin', bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yowes, ewes.
Yule, Christmas.

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